SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

FROM CARLYLE'S "SARTOR RESARTUS."

"With men of a speculative turn," writes Teufelsdröckh, "there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question—'Who am *I*, the thing that can say I?'" The world, with its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; and through the paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plied tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and lifeless integuments (of society and a Body), wherewith your existence sits surrounded, the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the Universe, and silently commune with it as one mysterious Presence with another.

"Who am I? what is this ME? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance—some embodied, visualized Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas, poor cogitator! this takes us but a little way. Sure enough I am; and lately was not. But Whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature; but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof. Sounds and many-colored visions flit around our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at Shadows, as if they were substances, and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary, hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on earth call Life, wherein the most, indeed, undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they are only wise who know that they know nothing.

"Pity that all metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being is still like the Sphinx's secret; a riddle which he can not rede, and for ignorance of which he suffers death—the worst death—a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, *words.* High Air-Castles are cunningly built of Words—the Words well-bedded also in good Logic-mortar, wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. '*The whole is greater than the part*:' how exceedingly true! '*Nature abhors a vacuum*:' how exceedingly false and calumnious!"

"Again: '*Nothing can act but where it is*:' with all my heart, only WHERE is it? Be not the slave of Words! Is not the Distant, the Dead, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it, HERE, in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on? But that same WHERE, with its brother WHEN, are, from the first, the master-colors of our Dream-grotto; say, rather, the canvas (the warp and woof thereof) whereon all our Dreams and Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age that the Where and When, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to Thought; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER? Have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal—as existing in a universal HERE, an everlasting Now? Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense—so, likewise, Time; there *is* no Space and no Time. We are—we know not what!—Light-sparkles floating in the æther of Deity!

"So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but an air-image, our ME the only Reality; and Nature, with its thousand-fold production and destruction, but the reflex of our own inward Force, the 'Fantasy of our Dream;'" or what the Earth-Spirit in Faust names it, *the living, visible Garment of God!*

"In Being's Floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite Ocean;
A seizing and giving
The Fire of the Living:
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by."

Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet twenty units of us that have learned the meaning thereof?

"It was in some such mood, when wearied and foredone with these high speculations, that I first came upon the question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell; strip him of the girths, and flaps, and extraneous toys I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster, and weaver, and spinner; nay, his own bootmaker, jeweler, and man-milliner; he bounds free through the valleys with a perennial rain-proof court suit on his body, wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection; nay, the graces also have been consulted, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colors, featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts, and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, over-heaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day I must thatch myself anew; day after day this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness; some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed off into the Ash-pit, into the Lay-stall, till, by degrees, the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust-making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind down. Oh, Subter-brutish! vile! most vile! For have not I too a compact, all-inclosing Skin, whiter or dingier? Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic—nay, alive?

"Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to plainest facts, and by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard—much readier to feed and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere use and wont ever lead him by the nose. Thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvelous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or Generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible; that *he* is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button them.

"For my own part, these considerations of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inward even to our heart of hearts, it tailorizes and demoralizes us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and mankind; almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking) in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages, and sees, indeed, that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, 'a forked, straddling animal with bandy legs;' yet also a Spirit, and unutterable mystery of mysteries."

Clothes: their meaning and use.—"The utility of clothes is altogether apparent to him; nay, perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the Omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example:

You see two individuals,' he writes—'one dressed in fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue; Red says to Blue, "Be hanged and anatomized." Blue hears with a shudder, and (O Wonder of wonders!) marches sorrowfully to the gallows, is there noosed up, vibrates his hour, and the surgeons dissect him and fit his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes. How is this, or what make ye of your *Nothing can act but where it is?* Red has no physical hold of Blue, no *clutch* of him, is nowise in *contact* with him; neither are those ministering Sheriffs, and Lord-Lieutenants, and Hangmen, and Tipstaves so related to commanding Red, that he can tug them hither and thither, but each stands distinct within his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so is it done; the articulated Word sets all hands in Action, and Rope and Improved-drop perform their work.

"Thinking reader, the reason seems to me two-fold: First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men.* Secondly, that *he wears clothes*, which are the visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red hanging-individual a horse-hair wig, squirrel skins, and a plush gown, whereby all mortals know that he is a JUDGE? Society, which the more I think of it astonishes me the more, is founded upon cloth.

"Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort coronations, Royal Drawing-Rooms, Levees, Couchees, and how the ushers, and macers, and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity, on a sudden, as by some enchanted wand, the—shall I speak it?—the Clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps, and Dukes, Grandees, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them stand straddling there, not a shirt on them, and I know not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psychical infirmity—in which, perhaps, I am not singular—I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish for the solace of those afflicted with the like."

Let us hurry along after this unhappy glimpse of a *naked World*, and at *Society in a state of nakedness.*

"To the eye of vulgar Logic,' says he, 'what is man? An omnivorous Biped, that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason, what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and Divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME there lies, under all those Wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven, whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in Union and Division, and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment, amid Sounds, and Colors, and Forms, as it were, swathed in, and inextricably overshrouded; yet is it sky-woven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the Center of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to know, to believe; nay, does not the Spirit of Love, free in its celestial, primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, 'The true SHEKINAH is MAN;' where else is the God's PRESENCE manifested, not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?"

Nothing that he sees but what has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings; thus, if in the highest Imperial Scepter and Charlemagne-mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket he finds Prose, Decay, and Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a Reverend Worth. For matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit; were it never so honorable, could it be more? The thing Visible—nay, the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial, Invisible, "unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright?" Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

"The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become *transparent.* "The Philosopher," says the wisest of this age, "must station himself in the middle:" how true! The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly Brother of all.

Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright looms or by the silent Arachnes that weave unrestingly in our Imagination? Or, on the other hand, what is there that we can not love, since all was created by God?

"Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man (the Woolen, and Fleshly, and Official Bank-Paper, and State-Paper Clothes), into the Man Himself, and discern, it may be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus; yet also an inscrutable, venerable mystery in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!"

For the rest—as is natural to a man of this kind—he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and high Worth of universal Wonder, which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours.

"Wonder," says he, "is the Basis of Worship; the Reign of Wonder is perennial, indestructible in Man; only at certain stages (as the present) it is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus infidelium.*" That progress of Science which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favor with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

"Shall your Science," exclaims he, "proceed in the small chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of Logic alone, and Man's mind become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call Political Economy are the Meal? And what is that Science—which the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and (like the Doctor's in the Arabian Tale) set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute without shadow of a heart—but one other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts for which the Scientific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an organ? I mean that Thought, without Reverence, is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best, dies like cookery, with the day that called it forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time."

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits harder or softer, according to ability, yet ever, we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of "Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Enemies to Wonder, who in these days so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-Roman geese and goslings, round their Capitol, on any alarm, or on none; nay, who often, as illuminated Skeptics, walk abroad into peaceable society, in full daylight, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you and guarding you therewith, though the Sun is shining, and the Street populous with mere justice-loving men:" that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates:

"The Man who can not wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he *President of innumerable* Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head, is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no eye. Let those who have eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-Logic, and "explain" all, "account" for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter; whoso recognizes the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands—to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-Stall—he shall be a delirious Mystic; to him thou with sniffing charity wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it? *Poor Devil!* Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender? thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die? 'Explain' me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up and weep, not that the reign of Wonder is done, and God's World all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou art a Dilettante and sand-blind Pedant."

Again of Clothes: "All visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and BODY it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downward, are Emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven. Must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all powerful—the rather if, as we often see, the Hand too aid her and (by Wool-clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?

Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Emblem—a Clothing or Visible Garment for that Divine ME of his, cast hither, like a Light-particle, down from Heaven? Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body.

Language is called the Garment of Thought; however, it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the Body of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this Flesh-Garment, and does she not? Metaphors are her stuff; examine Language; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of natural sounds), what is it all but Metaphors, recognized as such, or no longer recognized, still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colorless? If these same primitive elements are the Osseous fixtures in the Flesh-Garment Language, then are Metaphors its muscles and tissues, and living integuments. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for; is not your very *attention* a *stretching-to?* The difference lies here: some styles are lean, adust, wiry; the muscle itself seems osseous; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten, and dead-looking; while others again glare in the flush of health and vigorous self-growth; sometimes (as in my own case) not without an apoplectic tendency.

"Why multiply instances? It is written, The Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture, which, indeed, they are: the Time-Vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a Season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been; the whole External Universe and what it holds is but Clothing; and the Essence of all Science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES."

SPIRITUALISM IN ATHENS, OHIO.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Having noticed a brief sketch in your valuable paper respecting the excitement in Athens, pertaining to the subject of Spirit-manifestation, we hope it will not be deemed amiss to give you a synopsis of the movements and proceedings up to this, 1st day of April, A.D. 1855, for the benefit of your readers. We will therefore remark that the excitement here still increases. A. G. Brice, of New Orleans, has just closed a series of lectures in Athens. It was the first attempt to bring the subject before the people in that town. Sectarianism has had such a firm hold on the minds of the citizens in that vicinity, that Spiritualism was ignored, and all attempts to investigate it were discouraged and prohibited. The college here draws to the place a superabundance of priests, who, in order to sustain their lifeless, soulless theology, do not scruple to prohibit and anathematize all that opposes. Athens is a small town of about 700 inhabitants. The residents are thinking people on all subjects, except a *spiritual religion.* Upon this subject, solemn and important as it is, the numerous ministers have set *supreme dictators.* They have taught, and *their* people have listened, believed, and obeyed! Spiritualism was held, as was to be expected, under the ban of the priests. The cry of "collusion," "self deception," "it is all of the devil," were heard from their lips as often as the subject of Spirit-intercourse was brought before them. The reception that Mr. Brice met can therefore easily be presumed. He nevertheless met the opposition fearlessly and manfully. He makes the cause his own, and plants his feet upon the broad platform of the Harmonial Philosophy. He holds Spirit-intercourse as the *key* that unlocks the sublime mysteries of the past, and as the *index* that points to a more happy state in the future. * * *

Six miles from the town of Athens Spirit-manifestations of the most remarkable character are occurring, free for all candid investigators who wish to witness the same, no fees being charged by the mediums. Yet the cry of *fraud, self-deception*, DEVIL, etc., is ringing throughout the precincts of this stronghold of lawyers and priests (Athens). What is the cause of all this infidelity—this skepticism? The answer comes deep and solemn, as the heavy tones of you college bell chime out upon the surrounding atmosphere. "There is no power outside of the Church," writes Albert Barnes, the Presbyterian theologian. "There is no power outside of the Church," echoes that college bell under its clerical hammer! "There is no power outside of the Church to preach and to pen the secret mysteries and the hidden treasures of the unseen powers. None but those who occupy the holy *sanctuaries* and cushioned pews of the lofty church edifices, under high salaries, can be heard in the land!" The preparatory and district school bells chime the chorus—"There is no power outside of the Church that can save." The fathers and mothers of the land cry "Amen" to each vibrating sound that emanates from church quarters—while superstition and its terror-stricken victims close the strain with a united cry in response to what their clerical leaders teach, "*So let it be!*" This was the enchanting power that Athens felt, and feels to-day.

Mr. Brice was invited to lecture; a night was appointed, and he did so. The house was well filled, and the audience listened attentively. Spiritualism has two classes of opposers in Athens—the *bad spiritual* and the *bad material.* One of the latter class entered his protest. Hon. John Welsh rose, and said he had paid some little attention to the subject. He said he had as great a desire that it should be true as any one. That his limited experience led him to believe the phenomena to be founded upon self-deception. He made some fun for the audience at the expense of the mediums he had visited, and concluded his remarks with a proposition that a committee of five be appointed to visit the Spirit-rooms in Athens County, and investigate the phenomena, and report at some future meeting. The *mover* of the resolution was appointed chairman, and four others were associated with him. Mr. Brice continued his lecture. The committee, with its chairman, devoted one (!) evening to the cause, for the purpose of getting the "whole truth." They desired to have the mediums haltered, and *they* conduct the ceremonies to their own liking. This assumption of power would do in Athens, but not at the Spirit-room under the charge of Mr. Koons. Mr. K. kindly remarked, that committees visited his room from all parts of the country, that he treated all alike, gave all equal privileges, and that they should be treated as others.

The Athens committee have never reported, and it is most likely it never will. It is proper to state, however, that a portion of that committee visited elsewhere, and it stands divided, three in favor and two against the spiritual fact.

A singular incident took place in Athens about this time that fully disclosed the feelings of the church community. A society styled the "Athenian Club" exists in that town, composed of some leading minds of the place, the object being mutual improvement. Every three weeks were delivered before it public lectures. Mr. Howard, professor of the college, by invitation delivered a discourse on the *Unity* of the Origin of the Human Family. He opened his remarks in the following style: "This age is marked for the great scientific and utilitarian disclosures on the one hand, and humbug, delusion, and Spirit-rapping on the other." (I give the substance.) He attempted to ridicule the progressive teaching of this age. His whole effort was, as might be expected, a pitiful attempt to sustain a rotten theology. Adam and Eve were the parents of the entire human race, because the Bible affirms it. Thus stood Prof. Howard, President of the Ohio University. It was unanimously agreed in the "Club" that Mr. Brice should be invited to present the other side of the question. The Methodist and Presbyterian churches had been previously occupied, by *common consent by the Club*, for their lectures. When it was announced that Mr. Brice was to reply to President Howard (what presumption!) the members of those sects cried out with one accord, "Not within the walls of these, our holy sanctuaries, shall any one be permitted to enter for such an unlawful purpose! *If Mr. Brice entertains such here-*

ness as diversities of originalities of man, he can not come in—as much as to say, "*He is not good looking!*" The word, therefore, was, "If the Club wish to hear him, some other establishment must be procured for him to lecture in. Another house was accordingly procured, and Mr. Brice proceeded with his lecture, which ought to be published to the world. Mr. Brice does not claim it as his own. The facts are evident; the philosophy is spiritual, and he simply the medium. Like a child in the hands of a strong man, so did President Howard appear before this young spiritual teacher.

Another phenomenon worthy of note may also be stated in reference to this lecture. Mr. Brice wished to have access to the college library, for the purpose of consulting authorities. One of the professors—the librarian—was spoken to, and the privilege partially granted. The same evening, however (Thursday), he was informed that the faculty (which would meet on Saturday), would have to consult together about the propriety of allowing him such a privilege. Brice, not wishing to be brought before the learned in that sort of a way, sought counsel from Spirit-teachers, and by their kind impressions he was amply supplied with references, without infringing upon "holy premises." The numerous authorities and the correctness of the quotations proved the power of Spirit-impression to a full demonstration—to read the records of the past and present, through and within the walls of a sectarian college, beyond the reach of common minds. This was a matter beyond the solution of his opposers.

Spiritualism became the leading theme of discussion at Athens. Bro. E. V. Wilson, of Toronto, Canada, came to Athens after a visit to Mr. Koons' Spirit-room, and left some spiritual tests in that town for the benefit of its inhabitants as he passed through on his journey home. Orthodoxy was getting into a "fix." Something must be done to *arrest* the growing skepticism. The pulpit denunciations were found to be useless. A champion was found in Hon. John Welsh. A night was appointed; the house was crowded to witness the last dying moments of Spiritualism! Could that discourse be published as delivered, Spiritualism would be little or none "the worse for the wear." Mr. Welsh took the ground that the so-called "Spirit-rappings" could be accounted for in one or two ways, to wit, self-deception or fraud, and that the mediums are divided into two classes. Nine tenths he says are monomaniacs, and self-deceived, and the remainder he puts down for impostors, practicing frauds. His three principal objections against Spirit-intercourse were: 1st. If true, our whole lives must be regarded as an idle dream. 2d. A belief in it compels us to ignore the teachings of past ages; and, 3d. It gives the lie to all our past experience.

Not a fact was admitted—not an attempt was made to account for the manifestations by any known law. He even boldly denied that they even occurred. This effort occupied three hours! His low attempts at wit pleased a small portion of his audience, but the more grave and sober-minded doubted the propriety of his course. Some few of the orthodoxy were not a little pleased. If they even saw that the arguments he advanced, if good against Spiritualism were death to the whole system of their religion, their desire to witness the downfall of Spiritualism was so great, that they were willing, if need be, to see their own favorite ism overthrown with it.

Mr. Brice's reply was a complete triumph. Foes as well as friends admit this, aside from all questions as to the truth of Spirit-intercourse. For pure reasoning and sound logic it was a masterly effort. The array of facts that had occurred in the town of Athens, supported by unimpeached witnesses of their own town, settled the truth of the occurring phenomena beyond all doubt.

Mr. Welsh and his whole speech were completely annihilated in the estimation of all who witnessed his attempt. One would have supposed that he would have had judgment enough to have forever after held his peace. But he was not satisfied; he had not done the philosophy of Spirit-intercourse sufficient good. He attempted a reply—and such a reply! I have no language adequate to give any thing like a description. Fury and desperation seemed to urge him on in the unequal struggle. All bounds of propriety were overleaped. Mr. Brice's reply to him was a perfect emetic; and all the vile names, abusive epithets, and low balderdash "that a sin-sick soul" could possibly contain, were *vomited* forth! His friends were astonished at his course. Two nights after Mr. Brice replied, and could the two lectures be printed, and sent out to the reading community, Spiritualism would need no better advocate. I would urge Mr. Brice to publish the first part, if not the entire lectures of his replies, wherein is portrayed the true position of his opponent—his desperation and tragical end. This effort was equal to his preceding, and fully exhibits the spirit that actuated Brice in his noble defense. He did not even descend so low as to notice any of the vulgarity of his opponent. His theme was his own cause, and it needed no worthier advocate. His earnest zeal and calm temper convinced all who heard him that his soul was in the cause, and in the equanimity of his temper, as contrasted with that of his opponent, presented a commentary highly in favor of the new dispensation. The noble and dignified stand the speaker took, won for him the respect even of his enemies.

This lecture sealed the matter forever in Athens. The opposers themselves could say no more against Brice and the philosophy. Mr. Welsh was present, and after Mr. Brice's lecture was ended, Welsh arose and asked the audience to express whether it was their desire that he should continue the discussion. A *profound silence* fully expressed to him the feelings of the community. I have been credibly informed by several who are decided skeptics to the spiritual theory, that had the Honorable gentleman not been an old citizen of the place, and been honored with important positions, he would have been met with hisses, in the room of silence.

On the 20th instant Mr. Brice gave his farewell address in Athens. This also was a noble effort. The sublime truths of the philosophy were most beautifully set forth. It was an epitome—a summing up of the whole matter. I will not pass over the fact, that Mrs. Peck, the Phenix medium, was also present on this occasion, and addressed the audience for about half an hour. She speaks in the abnormal state. Her effort, though short, fully convinced the candid listener that the speaking was of another, and not of herself. Mrs. Peck is well calculated for the discharge of her glorious mission. Her sweet disposition bespeaks a soul full of goodness. May seraphs guide her safe through the journey of life.

Thus ends the first attempt to bring the spiritual philosophy before the Athenians. The editor of the Athens *Messenger* speaks thus: "Mr. Brice has no doubt convinced many of the truth of his spiritual theory, while the '*grosser matters*' that can not be convinced will award him the credit of being an honest and ingenious exponent of his doctrine."

LOCAL INVESTIGATOR.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1855.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With the present issue we close the third volume of the Telegraph. Three years have elapsed since this herald of the coming Era went forth to awaken those who were sleeping in the graves of moral insensibility and material skepticism. Since that day a great multitude have risen from the dead, and now stand up in the conscious possession of Immortality. There is more of cheering hope and solemn trust in the world now than really existed three years since. To thousands the sublime objects and immortal life to which we aspire are *demonstrated realities*. The dark clouds that hovered around the pathway of the departing Night, obscuring the spirits' atmosphere, are converted into golden draperies that overhang the portals of the immortal dawn. Morning appears not so much to the mere earthly observer, as to him who, possessing an inward life, dwells in the realms of the soul. It is not so much, we are persuaded, in mere temporal forms, material relations, and outward circumstances, as in the inspired mind and renovated affections, that Paradise is to bloom anew and forever.

During the year which now closes upon us we have labored with an earnest purpose to extend a knowledge of man's interior nature and relations. How far our efforts have contributed to realize this result, it would ill become us to conjecture. The subject, in its intrinsic nature and phenomenal aspects, has been illustrated by many startling facts which science has not explained, and which skepticism can not resist. These we have placed on record, and they will be read and interpreted by those who shall occupy our places hereafter. We have listened patiently to the various theories and speculations of men respecting the facts thus recorded, giving to each the largest liberty, compatible with our limits and a due regard to the claims of all others. To think freely, to judge impartially, and to act fearlessly, has been our design, but that we have failed, in numerous instances, in the execution of our purpose, is more than probable. But if we have not always given satisfaction, we have at least been willing that others should do better, and we are glad to know that the way is still open for honorable competition in well doing.

We have a word more. Next week we shall commence the publication of the Fourth Volume of the Telegraph. We can not well afford to part with any of our present patrons. Moreover, we like their company, and hope they are not so much displeased with our society as to leave us to pursue our path alone. And will not each and every reader of the Telegraph also secure the companionship of some friend, who will esteem it a privilege to go with us through the next stage of our progress? We pause for a reply.

PROGRESS AND THE FUTURE.

If the idea of progressive development be true in its application to man, it must follow that all Spirits can not be equally exalted in the future life. Indeed, nothing can be more unreasonable and unphilosophical than the ultra Universalist idea—less prevalent now than formerly—that the condition of all will be essentially the same. If we commenced our course but yesterday, it is vain to imagine that we have advanced as far as the seers, philosophers, and moral heroes who have been on their way for several thousand years. If others started *before* us, it is very certain that we are *behind* them. The great Spirits of former times were long since introduced into the spheres of angelic life, and made to realize the truth, that in our "Father's house are many mansions." *Our* place is still here, in this earthly tabernacle. We may reach the same exalted position, "every man in his own order," but we must first traverse the intervening distance. If we admit that the Spirit is subject to the law of progression, we may as well contend that all organic bodies are equal in magnitude, as that all Spirits are equally perfect. The fact that *trees grow* is sufficient to prove that *trees vary in size*. So if man is a progressive being, no other evidence is required to satisfy the rational mind that some are and will be superior to others. As men differ in their capacity and in the degree of spiritual illumination, a similar diversity must obtain in the measure of happiness. And "as one star differeth from another star in glory," so also shall it be with the Spirits of the immortal world.

We read of some who were mere "babes in Christ," and of others who, by a gradual growth in grace and knowledge of the truth, had advanced to a more perfect condition. The transition to another world will not change their relative positions, or in any way interrupt the order of Nature. The child will not in a moment be clothed with the powers of his manhood, nor will the individual who has arrived at the stature of the perfect man, become a child, and be made to pass again through the incipient stages of his progress.

From this view of the subject we are authorized to conclude that the conduct of man in this world—his habits of thought and action, and the general manner of life—will exert an influence that will be felt beyond the fleeting scenes of earthly being. Not that man will be miserable forever because he has been sinful for a few days; but if his higher powers have been neglected, the Spirit must pass to the next sphere with its faculties undeveloped. The child may not be chastised in a brutal manner because he failed to acquire his lesson today, but he can not escape the natural consequence of this neglect—on the morrow he will be one day behind, and thus remain through the whole period of his life. It is by years of close application that men become wise. If one year is suffered to pass unimproved, that is gone forever, and we are so much behind in our intellectual progress.

It should be observed, however, that the moral stature and degree of spiritual development is not to be determined by the artificial education acquired at schools. This *may* serve to check rather than promote the growth of the soul—to restrain and shackle the faculties of the man in his spiritual infancy. When men are educated in the established theories and systems, they are not always free to draw inspiration from Nature and Deity. The Spirit must be freely and divinely exercised. Whatever is thus acquired here will not be lost hereafter; but the soul will continue its progress from the ultimate of previous attainments. It is equally true, that what is lost here can never be regained. If in the present time we make no progress, we can not expect to be advanced to the same degree in the future. As a consequence of our present indifference and neglect, the Spirit will be comparatively limited in its aspirations and circumscribed in its immortal joys.

While writing this another hour has departed! Oh, man, it is forever beyond thy reach! The Spirit, in its immortal flight, may explore the dim infinitude of coming eternity in vain for that hour! It is not there! It is gone! Then *seize the moments* as they fly, and let the report they bear to heaven be the record of thy progress.

OUR PROPOSITION.

Respecting our proposition published in last week's issue, it seems necessary to add, for the information of those friends who are considering the subject, that the communications from the local correspondents, as contemplated in the proposition, are expected not only to be of general interest to the friends of Spiritualism, but it is also designed that they shall possess a special local interest; that they will consist of brief and comprehensive reports of public lectures, conferences, etc.; also, that they shall embrace a record of remarkable facts, the movements of Spiritualists, etc., while our friends are expected to offer other contributions of general interest as they have been accustomed to do hitherto.

Since the cardinal object and interest of all parties in such an arrangement are or should be essentially identical, it is not deemed necessary to prescribe precise limits to any one locality under this proposition. More space may be required at one time than may be necessary at another. If the voluntary contributions to our columns are calculated to promote the general interest of the cause, and do not encroach upon the space required by the friends in some other locality, then it would not be necessary to limit the quantity of matter by any arbitrary arrangement. Were we to indicate our present views, based on the probabilities of the case, we should say that from one to two columns might be published weekly from each place where our paper may be localized as proposed. The number of subscribers to the existing spiritual papers is perhaps the proper criterion by which to judge of the demand for a local journal, and with the number of papers already devoted to the promulgation of spiritual facts and ideas, a prudent man would not be likely to engage in building up a new paper unless encouraged with the certain prospect of at least three thousand paying subscribers; but it might be altogether safe to enter into the arrangement we propose, which involves but trifling expense, and no risk, even with a prospect of one third this number of subscribers.

There is no reason why the friends who enter into this arrangement with us should not receive subscriptions from the region of country round about them, as freely as if the whole paper was edited and printed in their city or town; and if a depôt for the sale of all books on Spiritualism is established in connection with the local office of the paper, they may expect to obtain many subscriptions from the surrounding country.

We propose to furnish the Telegraph under such an arrangement at a trifle above cost. The present cost we can easily determine, but should our subscribers fall off one half, or be doubled in number, it would materially vary the cost of our paper per thousand copies. Hence our friends everywhere will perceive the economy and utility of the proposed arrangement. Perhaps it is sufficient for us at present to say, that we should expect to furnish our paper at a price which would enable the local agent to supply the periodical agents in his vicinity at the same terms as they are supplied at this office. It should be borne in mind that the Telegraph is printed at so early a day in the week, that we can have it in St. Louis, if necessary, on the day of its date.

Since this paper is devoted to free thought—is at once the record and expounder of every phase of spiritual phenomena and philosophy, we trust Spiritualists will early consider the subject, and that those who may be pleased to consummate the arrangement herein proposed, will act without delay, that we may commence with the Fourth Volume on the 5th of May ensuing.

THE SPIRITS AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

From the account given by Mr. John Richardson, Mercer Co., Penn., of the singular manifestations at his house, we extract the following paragraph:

> At one time the voice, speaking to my wife, said it (the Spirit) could bake cakes for George, a boy eating at the table. Mrs. Richardson stepped away from the stove, when the batter (already prepared for baking cakes) was by some unseen agency taken from a crock sitting near the stove, and placed upon the griddle and turned at the proper time, and when done taken from the griddle and placed upon the boy's plate at the table. The voice then proposed to bake a cake for Jane, my daughter, who was then at work about the house. The cake was accordingly baked in the same manner as before stated, and carried across the room and placed in the girl's hand.

The Cleveland *Herald* copies a portion of Mr. Richardson's communication, on which it comments rather facetiously. It is impossible to say precisely how much faith the editor has, but it requires no effort to discover that he is far less childish and irascible in his temper than our neighbor on the other side of the Park. Our Ohio friend is prone to take a decidedly practical view of the subject, as will appear from the following brief extract from his remarks:

> We see our neighbors in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, are putting Spirits to good use in the way of cooking. Housekeepers generally will feel rejoiced, for spiritual cooks and chamber-maids of course will not care for wages, or for beaux, and will not want to go out evenings.

The Gift of Tongues.—We clip the following editorial paragraph from a late number of the Portland *Transcript*:

> A spiritual friend showed us, the other day, some Latin and Greek sentences written by a little girl, under the influence of a departed clergyman. The Latin was certainly good, and written in a fine scholarly hand. We suppose this is to be taken as evidence that the departed carry their earthly attainments with them into the next world.

The *Transcript's* conclusion from the fact is logical enough, so far as it goes, but it does not appear to cover the whole ground. The evidence seems also to warrant the inference that "departed" clergymen, unlike the majority of their brethren in the flesh, *are interested in spiritual manifestations*.

Removal of Our Office.—On and after the first day of May we shall be established at Nos. 340-2 Broadway, next door above the entrance to the Tabernacle, where we shall have more extensive and desirable accommodations for business. We will thank our friends to address us as above.

☞ Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk at Dodworth's Academy, next Sunday morning and evening, at the usual hours.

PROTEAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

An agent of Mr. Prince, the patentee, has placed on our desk an admirable specimen of his new Fountain Pen, which is likely to very much facilitate the expression of our ideas. Formerly we were obliged to stop, ever and anon, to dip our pen in the inkstand, and that checked the orderly flow of feeling and rippled the surface of our thought, as snags disturb the waters of the Mississippi. Pardon the ambitious character of the illustration; we by no means insist on the propriety of the comparison any further than relates to the snags. If the tide of thought and feeling is not very deep, it is still more desirable to get rid of all obstacles to its smooth and uninterrupted flow, since shallow waters are checked and roiled by slight impediments. What we want to say is, that the inventor of this pen has removed one of the chief obstructions in the stream of our ideas, and our readers need not be surprised if they witness a small inundation this spring. The Protean Fountain is full, and it will flow on all day unless we shut down the gate, which we must do until we can ascertain what portion of the great realm of thought is most in need of irrigation.

Note.—Mr. Prince has his office at No. 8 Appleton's Building, 348 Broadway, where our friends can procure the Fountain Pen, the peculiar advantages of which are thus briefly stated on the proprietor's card:

> Advantages.—An incorrodible and durable ink reservoir, made of Protean, under Goodyear's Patent, filled with ease and rapidity, supplying the pen for six or eight hours, and saving about one third of the time.
>
> A gold pen of the very best quality, with a holder of the most beautiful, light, and elastic material.
>
> Its structure is simple, and not liable to get out of order.

THE EUPHONIANS

AT THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE.

These new candidates for public favor announce their first Grand Concert at the Brooklyn Institute on Thursday evening of this week (26th instant), on which occasion they will present a highly attractive programme, embracing a choice selection of Trios, Duetts, and Songs. The Euphonians—Miss H. Burnett, Mrs. Julia Taylor, and G. Bradford McFarland—are well known and popular singers, and have already won reputation in their separate individual capacities. They have recently associated themselves together for the purpose of giving a series of musical entertainments, which, we doubt not, will be highly diversified, agreeable, and profitable. We hope to see the Hall of the Institute crowded on Thursday evening, when these admired vocalists will present their claims to public attention and approbation in their own way, and—we feel assured—secure a verdict where any plea which we might offer in their behalf would be unheard.

To City Subscribers.—We are receiving constant complaints that our paper is not delivered to our patrons in this city, or if delivered, that the person who leaves it *exacts pay* for his services, when the subscriber has paid us for having it left at his residence or place of business. We can only say that we have made every effort to secure the prompt delivery of the Telegraph, that the postage on all papers delivered in this city is invariably *prepaid* by the proprietors, and if the agent employed by the department demands payment again, *he is guilty of a petty fraud*, and we will thank our patrons to report the name of every such offender at this Office.

"Modern Spiritualism."—The editor of the *Liberator*, in a favorable notice of this new book by E. W. Capron, speaks thus of the nature and import of the current phenomena:

> To account for the facts, short of spiritual agencies, all kinds of theories and suppositions have been made, equally absurd and impossible; which are too well authenticated, by ten thousand unimpeachable witnesses, to be classed with tricks of legerdemain; which puzzle and confound the most scientific as well as the most ignorant; which are equally extraordinary and multitudinous; and which, we have long since felt compelled to declare, admit of no other than a spiritual solution. It matters not that, attending these manifestations, there are many things puerile, some of a contradictory and others of an inexplicable character; or that the credulity of many persons has run to such an excess as to destroy all power of discrimination—the great truth of the immortality of the soul has been demonstrated, to the satisfaction of an immense number of cautious, intelligent, critical inquirers, whose prejudices and opinions, prior to and at the time of making their investigations, were utterly adverse to the theory of spiritual agency—a truth which mankind, in all ages, have yearned to have clearly confirmed, and which it is neither irrational nor unphilosophical to believe a benevolent Creator has given for the most satisfactory development, in the sublime progress of the human race.

Spiritualism in Brooklyn.—Andrew Jackson Davis will lecture in the Brooklyn Institute, Washington Street, near Concord, Sunday afternoon next, commencing at three o'clock. Conferences held in the same place every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Seats Free.

☞ Where is the Cleveland Discussion which was promised some time since? If it has appeared in book form, we will thank the publishers to send us a copy for our special use. Doubtless a number of copies might be disposed of at our counter.

☞ A. E. Newton.—Please send specimen copy of the *New England Spiritualist* to A. G. Garretson, Bermudian, Adams County, Pennsylvania.

☞ Rev. U. Clark delivered the last Sunday morning lecture at Dodworth's Academy; and Mrs. Clark addressed a large audience at the same place in the evening.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE

An Item from Yellow Creek, Ill.—Mr. G. W. A., of Yellow Creek, Stephenson Co., Ill., writes us concerning a Mrs. Bassett, near that place, who is a remarkable speaking and healing medium. She has spoken in seven different languages, though she never learned any except the English. She also converses by the deaf and dumb alphabet, of the signs of which she is totally ignorant when not under spiritual influence. Our correspondent says that up to the 3d day of December last he had no acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, having never even heard of them. On that day, however, the latter, who lived about six miles off, were spiritually sent to his residence without knowing the purpose of their mission. On that very day, before the arrival of the medium, a child of Mr. A. had died with scarlet fever, and the presence of the medium enabled the Spirits to present invaluable consolation. At a subsequent time Mr. A. had the misfortune to break one of his legs. By the consent of the surgeon he sent for Mrs. Bassett. While under spiritual influence she laid her hand upon the wound and relieved it from all pain, and then gave a diagnosis of the fracture differing from that of the surgeon, but which proved to be right, and the treatment which ensued was successful.

Perplexing Mysteries.—Mr. George W. McCumber, of Dupeauville, (in what State?) writes us that his wife died on the 11th of March, after an illness of five days. On the first night of her illness, after the light was extinguished in her room, a chest mysteriously opened and shut, the lock making quite a noise. After her death, Mr. McC., occupying the same room, has nightly heard sounds resembling the dropping of water occurring at pretty regular intervals, of from five to ten minutes, upon a writing-desk which stands near his bed. Sometimes these sounds have occurred on the bed-clothes, and more rarely, and with various degrees of force, upon the doors, windows, etc., in different parts of the house. In two instances he has found strange drawings on letter paper in his desk, which he thinks could not have been left there by any human being, and which seemed to represent his wife and a sister of hers who has since passed into the world of Spirits. Our correspondent seems much concerned to know what these things can mean, and how he shall act in the premises, and craves our advice upon the subject. We can only say that this description of phenomena agrees perfectly with those which in other cases have been traced to the agency of departed Spirits; and unless Mr. McC., on a close and thorough investigation of the case, can find or conceive of some mundane cause adequate to its explanation, it will, we think, be safe for him to rest in the assurance of a spiritual interposition in the case, with which his departed wife is probably nearly if not immediately connected. We, moreover, from the indications, think it probable that she passed out of the world with something on her mind that she wished to say to him, and is now endeavoring to say it, but finds it, with the aid of his slight mediumship, impossible to come sufficiently into the external world to say it in an intelligible manner. We think it would be proper for Mr. McC. to seek the presence of a medium through whom she may manifest herself with less obstruction, when an interesting communication may possibly be given.

Spiritualism in Havana.—A lady (Mrs. T.), who is a medium, and is now sojourning, with her husband, in Havana, writes us concerning Spiritualism and its prospects in that city. Of course, in the midst of the conservative Catholic population such as there exists, its progress must be attended with many obstructions, and most necessarily be comparatively slow. Its truths, however, have met with a favorable reception by some of the American residents of the place, and among these our correspondent names a gentleman occupying a distinguished official station. Owing to the strong and peculiar social influence of the place, the friends there generally desire to remain incognito for the present, and "meet in an upper room for fear of the Jews." Our correspondent nevertheless expresses the gratification it would afford them to have our Bro. Harris pay them a visit on his return to the North, though they suppose that nothing better than a private residence could be procured for his lectures, and that his audiences must necessarily be small. We are gratified in receiving this evidence that they "despise not the day of small things;" and we believe that under a judicious system of cultivation the grain of mustard seed which has been planted among them may grow up into a large tree.

Aid Asked of Spirits.—Mrs. Orra M. Leach, of Vermillion, Erie Co., Ohio, describes a sad case of alternate epilepsy and insanity with which one of her family connections is afflicted, and requests us to consult the Spirits whom we may be in the habit of meeting at circles, in reference to any remedies they may have to suggest as meeting the case. As similar requests frequently come to us from other quarters, in reference to various local cases and emergencies, we will say to our present correspondent what will be equally a response to all similar applications, that in order for us to obtain any *specific* advice applicable to the case she describes, the Spirits, or society of Spirits with whom the individual concerned is connected, and who are cognizant of his case, must be present with the medium through whom we make our inquiries; and perhaps in not more than one case out of a hundred can those Spirits approach unless the individual in the body is himself present as a link in the chain of sympathetic connection with the exterior. The best advice we can personally offer as suited to the case of our correspondent's relative (equally suited to all similar cases) must be of a *general* character, and that is: Let him, in his sane and lucid moments, carefully avoid all excesses in eating, drinking, and mental and physical exercise, washing the system daily with cold water from head to foot, and using smart friction with a rough towel. The functional operations of the stomach, liver, and bowels should be kept as regular as possible. The mind should dwell much in serene contemplation upon divine, moral, and religious subjects, and the organ of benevolence, or love to all mankind, should be kept in a genial state of activity. The latter will be found to have a marvelous effect in quieting the perturbations of the physical system. We have, indeed, known the most violent nervous commotions to be immediately calmed by a mesmeric excitation of the organ of benevolence. Let these rules be *strictly observed*, and we think the difficulty under which our friend's relative labors will be gradually mollified, and in the course of a few years will nearly or quite disappear. As for the other matters which our friend mentions, we can only say that we sincerely hope she will be strengthened and comforted from a source higher than man, and that her neighbors in the earth sphere may yet get rid of some of that bigotry which would allow them to pass her by on the other side.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF APRIL 17.

Mr. Mason said: "The few minutes he would occupy the stand would not be long." He wished it distinctly understood he was not a Millerite, though this might have been inferred, perhaps, from some remarks he had made on that theme at a previous conference. He had been born and educated a Catholic, after the order of St. Francis. We are what we are by the force of circumstances. To be free from the trammels of traditional education, we must seek the evidences of a higher faith for ourselves. We can not live on the experience of other men. The raps and other spiritual manifestations came by way of supplying that natural demand. But, in his opinion, we are sadly in want of a scientific classification and subdivision of humanity. Mrs. Lincoln had set the vegetable kingdom all right for us; her profound researches have enabled us to tell a cabbage from a potato with tolerable certainty. Now, as "all flesh is but grass, and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field," he thought the genus homo should be botanized as well. We make sad mistakes with poor humanity by not knowing where to put it or what to do with it, and what it is good for. He and some other philanthropists in Cincinnati had tried to settle that question, but had failed as yet; though whether from mistaking a squash for a turnip he did not say. By a scientific classification we shall secure the harmony necessary to develop the external man, which will in turn react upon his internals, so as to establish not only a harmonic relation between his own interior and exterior, but between the spiritual and external worlds. In the new dispensation which is to follow in the wake of natural classification we shall not mistake a bag of gold, or a windbag filled with pompous titles, for a man, as we do now. These belong to the genus "Fejee Mermaid," and some future Barnum will show them up together. Genius will not be absorbed then, as it is now, by parasites; the whole order will be destroyed, and its effects will benefit our common humanity.

Mr. Benning thought himself wholly independent of circumstances. The English language not being copious enough to define his position, he would borrow from the Latin, and say he was *sui generis*. No authority (if we except "Ben Johnson," perhaps) for him. He was a reformer. He had struck a bee-line for Mount Zion more than fifty years ago, and though he had often been called an enthusiast and a brainless fanatic, he thought he had retained the small stock of common sense nature had blessed him with in the beginning. We are more in danger from transcendentalism and charlatanism among ourselves than we are from external opposition. We must judge of men by their acts, not by what they say. Spiritualists should be simple-hearted, open and candid with each other, not given to captious fault-finding. They should frown upon all hearsay insinuations of dishonesty. Men would hesitate to state their facts publicly, when they were subjected to the ordeal of sly insinuations against their integrity. Mr. Benning concluded by reciting several facts which have been already reported.

A rather animated discussion ensued, educing as a moral that Spiritualists should blend some wisdom with their simplicity. That men who offer themselves for sale would find buyers, and that some had been sold rather cheap. That the proverb, "All is not gold that glitters," is not worn out yet. That certain "doubles" (i. e., persons being seen in different places at the same time) require better authority than "Ben Johnson" to be received by the great body of intelligent Spiritualists as any thing but the bogus metal of a practical joke on the easy faith of open-mouthed credulity. That men who attempt to swallow Mason, Ben Johnson, Oliver Hodge, and a sleigh load of "doubles" at one mouthful, will probably feel a pain somewhere before the whole is properly digested.—Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

Original Communications.

DEATH OF POOR MAGGIE.

"One penny for Maggie," a faint voice sobbed,
And the echoes alone replied,
While a perfumed priest, with a look of pride,
Passed by on the other side.
"One penny for Maggie," and on her cheek
There glistened a frozen tear,
For the night was dark, and the winds blew cold,
And no earthly friend was near

"One penny for Maggie," she sobbed, and sank
Where a church its shadow cast,
While the chimes a merry peal rang out
And the crowd went hurrying past,
For one from a distant land had come
To ask for Christian aid—
And the death-chill crept o'er her sobbing form
While for heathen souls they prayed

"One penny for Maggie," again she sobbed,
And the rough winds laughed aloud,
For, while whistling around the colored panes,
They had peeped at the list'ning crowd;
And their eyes were moist at the moving tale
The devoted man had told,
And jeweled arms at his call were bared
While Maggie perished with cold.

"One penny for Maggie," she gasped, and died
Where the church its shadow cast;
Then a closing prayer from the desk was heard,
And the crowd went hurrying past;
Of the bloody car of death they spoke,
While they passed poor Maggie by,
And brushed, as they thought of the Ganges' tide,
A tear from each moistened eye.

FRANK.

THE INVOCATION.

BY VIOLA ODORATA.

Come to me, Beloved, when the day is slow declining,
Come and teach the soul to spread its folded wing—
To rise and trace the pathway while angel-hands are guiding,
To join the seraph band and with the joyous sing

Come to me, Beloved, and by thy angel teaching
Win the trembling earth-worm to flowers that bloom above,
While of the world forgetful we'll speed to heavenly bowers,
Where live the blessed ever in a paradise of love.

Come to me, Beloved; my spirit inly pineth
For thy dear presence to lull my heart to rest;
Come as of yore, now while the day declineth,
And calm the weary flutterer within this wounded breast.

Come to me, Beloved; I'm feeble, worn, and weary,
The sick heart is longing for thy cheerful smile once more;
Come, and with thy presence bless the broken-hearted—
Cast a ray of sunshine on Time's receding shore.

Come to me, Beloved, in slumber's fitful dreaming—
In all the living beauty of Spirit-angels bright—
Let me but dwell in the glory of thy beaming;
Come to me, Beloved, in slumbers of the night.

Come to me, Beloved, when I cross the gloomy river—
When the billows wildly dash and terrors daunt the soul—
Whisper ere I sink, "Our meeting is forever;"
Come to me, Beloved, when billows wildly roll

Be the first, Beloved, to greet me when I enter
The portal of bliss, where grief is never known;
Bring, too, our Buds, and we'll praise the great Creator,
Who in taking still hath blessed us in giving back our own.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

In my former communication I, in substance, said, the theory indorsed by Spiritualism as to the origin of earth and man, if carried out fully, would indicate that immortality is an element in man's nature attained or consequent on a progressive development, and not a part of his nature from the beginning. By immortality, I mean that "spark of life, of light, of fire" which we term the interior soul—the emanation from the Great First Cause—by and through which is our spiritual body or organization sustained and preserved against all counter attraction and our identity as an intelligent individuality eternally assured. It will be noted, therefore, that a distinction is made between the soul and the mind, and I may here state that I regard the mentality or mind as a clothing in which the soul resides. Geology and spiritual teachings alike represent that in the early age of this planet the surface was barren of organized life—that in the progress of time the inherent elements and powers of the mineral kingdom unfolded unto and introduced the birth of the vegetable kingdom. That this higher development was steadily progressive in unfolding inherent elements and powers until it attained to and gave birth to the animal kingdom. This also, in the progress of time, stimulated by the same progressive law in its inherent elements and powers, attained to and introduced the human kingdom, each and all these unfoldings being induced by a law of motion acting on chaotic matter in which were all the forms, principles, etc., thus brought out. In the foregoing premises and deductions it will be remembered that after an organized or vegetable life was unfolded, each kingdom sustained its continued existence under the law of reproduction, and served as a basis for the support of higher developments—while the logic of the hypothesis is, that it was by the aggregate powers of a kingdom that a higher one was born or introduced. To state this more plainly—that the vegetable kingdom, as a whole, gave birth to the animal, the animal kingdom to the human. As experience does not teach the repetition of such births on this earth, it seems to be a necessity to infer in the argument, that when the lower kingdom did thus introduce the higher, that lower kingdom had attained to its ultimate, and having thus attained became subject to and a support of that higher. If this reasoning is correct, the question arises, what is the ultimate of matter? In what kingdom in the universe does matter attain to and obtain its highest individualized form? and it seems to me the answer is—that kingdom where the law of reproduction ceases—the human kingdom. But there is a higher kingdom than the human—a kingdom where the laws of reproduction do not exist, whose inhabitants are supplied from the human kingdom, the Spirit-kingdom; and it is the peculiar feature of that life—that the individual form or entity is eternally maintained against all laws of attraction or decay acting on matter, while its inhabitants all germinate as organized intelligent individualities in a lower or human kingdom. This brings me to the point—what does Spiritualism teach as to the ultimate of matter, its end and purpose as sought for from the beginning? of which, with your permission, in my next. K.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6, 1855.

FROM THE CITY OF ELMS.

NEW HAVEN, April 12, 1855.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

To make use of orthodox nomenclature, this is a "hard place," a "barren region," as to spiritual unfoldments and acceptations. You might travel from its "Dan to its Beersheba," that is, from its East and West Rocks (adjacent hills, well known) on the north and west, to the sleepy little village of East Haven in the east, and you would meet with nothing but the desert sands of antiquated orthodoxy; though here and there, happily, you would find an oasis in all these spiritual wastes, symbolized in the individuality of some free man or woman. "The City of Elms" is not without its salt—so it may safely said to be saved. Churches there are here—if Spiritualism consisted in that—beautiful, spacious, numerous, with the accompanying accessories. Steeples and spires strike the uplifted eye on either hand; and learned men and doctors of divinity are not in numbers few. How far these same steeples subserve the purpose to which they seem adapted, in a different region, to the reverent and poetic mind of Burke, namely, to draw down from heaven blessings and protection, is quite a serious question. For if that really is the use for which they are built, it would seem to argue that the services in the *interior* were of themselves insufficient for the aforesaid purpose. We will not for a moment suppose that the sky-piercing piles are high upreared simply that the church-going brethren might happify themselves by the sight thereof.

New Haven is an intellectual city. Ample intelligence breeds true humility or strongest positiveness. So the bright form of Spiritualism which comes to woo men to a most holy union, meets here with stern, lowering fronts. Yet the beautiful ever asserts its supremacy; imbued with divine vitality, it survives the crush of the iron heel, or rises, like cork, upon the bosom of the waters threatening its submergement. In spite of bitter opposition the spirit of inquiry will not flee. Like the wind, it penetrates into obscure places and searches to the privacies of hermetic retirement. Like the life elements with which the air is impregnated, it is present ever to vitalize the souls of men. Outward action is not always a true exponent of deep inward states. Activities lying near and upon the surface frequently build up a wall to debar the going forth of elemental powers. On the outside they stand as obstructions before the door of the soul; wherefore it not unfrequently happens that men, obsessed by the spirit of external things, fight against the reception of immortal truths and principles, seeking to find companionship with the inner man, even while the interior powers shake the walls of being in the struggle for mastery. *Now*, the thick crusts of materiality are everywhere thinning before the continual refining action of spiritual forces. Here and there the spirit boldly steps forth to demand a recognition of its claims. Once free, ever free; and there is a new governor, and other enactments.

I am told that the TELEGRAPH is here snatched up "like hot cakes." This indicates something, assuredly. If fear prevents avowal, it does not absorb desire or appease hunger. We judge of men's states by their desires—their moral appetites; and from individual conditions generalize the communal character. Old YALE may present her spreading and venerable walls; professors may frown and divines may reject and denounce, yet the attractions of truth are stronger than the magnetisms of custom, or tradition, or the seemingly fixed and settled character of time-honored institutions. Governments may enact stringent sumptuary laws or regulate the cut of coats and breeches, but they can not restrain inward aspirings. They may prevent the outward manifestation, and *so* create an inward fever that shall consume them. Happily our institutions are plastic, they yield to the pressure of popular decision, or adapt themselves to the form and shape of the social body. Whatever is hard and unyielding to the molding influence of Spiritualism must be broken up. We are yet in the iron age, though on the transition line. Fierce prejudices yet lord it over us. Spiritualism comes with alchemistic powers to transmute us to golden states—to throw upon the sharp and acid elements of social lives the divine balm of love—to build up by the constructive genius of divine wisdom beauteous structures, edifices not raised by hands material.

It is *here*, I believe, as elsewhere, everywhere. Circles are held and manifestations are had, but they do not strike the public eye. This at least may be safely said: interest in Spiritualism is being generated. Interest is the bud of moral attraction. Spiritualism with all its uncertainties (who doth not see the important uses these subserve?) has a prodigious cohesive power—it clings to the soul with which it hath made acquaintance, and will not depart till it hath made it its own.

Proportionate to its size, New Haven, however, is behind the times. There are some mediums developed and others are unfolding. The want lies there; and that want will be supplied as soon as the basis for production is furnished. Let the bitterness of opposition be assuaged and mediumship will bloom. Fear is an agent of moral paralysis. The tender chords of Spirit-being shrink from being touched by the hard hands of materialities. The clouds and winds and storms brooded therein, nipped in the birth the sweetest flowers. How can the fruits be born ere the blossom hath had its full day?

On last Sunday there was a spiritual gathering in the "Temple," morning and afternoon; and addresses were made by the invisible intelligences. Previously, some two or three weeks ago, assemblages were held to the number of one hundred; but from unpropitious causes these dwindled away. Probably the friends will meet again on Sunday next. On the afternoon of last Sunday I should judge the audience numbered nearly two hundred.

The opposition have been engaged of late in the very noble work of "hunting" a female medium. There are some brave hearts here that can not be daunted. They need pecuniary aid to go on; from the heavens they get strength to stand firm in their positions.

I became acquainted with Mr. Chauncey Barnes, of the neighboring village of Fair Haven, evidences of whose mediatorial powers have been recorded in the TELEGRAPH. Mr. B. is an indefatigable co-worker with the Spirits; an independent man, and not in the least afraid of Mother Grundy, though she has a snug home in his village. Some remarkable things transpire from time to time through his mediumship, a condensed account of some of which, as told me, I send you.

Being of late in the town of Wallingsford, Mr. B. and others formed a circle. While sitting, awaiting manifestations, a twenty-five cent piece was dropped, as it were, from the ceiling, and fell on the hands of one of the members of the circle. Its descent was witnessed by several. Then another twenty-five cent piece, emitting a shining light, was seen to *fly* around the room, just as a bird would, from corner to corner. An attempt was made to catch the piece of money, but it was unsuccessful. Finally, after being seen by all present, it was taken by the invisible power out of the opened door and deposited in places unknown. One of the circle was a clergyman of the Second Advent Church. After the above manifestations had been made, he stated that on a certain occasion he himself had taken from his hand by unseen agency a six cent piece, and was impressed at the time for what use it was appropriated—to buy a loaf of bread for a poor widow. The question was here asked if this impression was correct, and a response was made in the affirmative. On another occasion the same gentleman had a ten cent piece deposited in his pocket by, as he believed, spiritual agency. These experiences he had lately announced publicly to some of his congregation.

In the latter part of last month Mr. B. paid a visit to Warren, Mass., where has been organized a circle somewhat similar to the "Miracle Circle." The attendant Spirits do not as yet permit a divulgement of facts that may transpire therein. While there a circle was formed, and a communication given, that a number of articles would be brought in and dropped upon the table. Shortly five or six cigars and a large quantity of pumpkin seeds fell upon the table. There was a light in the room at the time, so that the spiritual agency was unquestioned. Then a piece of a spinning wheel came next. This was afterward found to have been taken from a house three miles distant—transported by invisible hands. Pennies, also, were dropped as from the ceiling in their midst, and pieces of silver were seen flying about the room, two of which were caught. It did not appear that the coin belonged to any one present.

Even to the interiorly unfolded and impressional mind facts of this and analogous character are always interesting. "Truth is mighty and will prevail." OBSERVER.

◆

FALSE IDEA OF STRENGTH.—Some nations estimate their strength by the size of the Army and Navy. They call the roll, and count the muskets, weigh the round and chain shot, and the Secretary of War writes down the result, and reports the measure of power possessed by the nation. The people read it, and sleep soundly because they are strong, and there is no danger. S. S. B.

LIFE—IMMORTALITY.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

We can not die; we can not from the scroll
Of God's eternity blot out the names
Of those who live and are recorded there.
Life were not life if it could pass away
Did'st ever think of this? The very word
Bears on its wing the impress of its God,
Declaring 'tis immortal! For death to it
Would be annihilation; what is that
But driving from existence that which is?
Can that be done? Say whereto would'st thou drive it?
Knowest thou some place where God hath never been—
Some spot, so paradoxical its state,
That while it is, it is not?
Such indeed
There is, if any particle that now exists
Can e'er be exiled from creation's grasp—
Can cease to be. Such were impossible
These souls must *ever be*, because *they are*.

Yes, it is even so—there is no death;
But life, eternal life, in myriad grades
As far below us as they are above,
And both extremes as measureless in extent
As vast eternity's unending course.
Life is in all things; 'tis the *soul* thereof—
The binding element of particles.
Lo, all that is hath life, and therefore soul,
Else it could never be. "Life" is existence.
The very truth that all *exist*, is proof
That all things have immortal *germs* within.

There's nothing that is "dead," though true, perchance
Our finite vision can not see the "life"
That dwells in what we term "inanimate."
Yet it is there as truly as in us,
And will in time unfold in higher form.
Think not because it is a lower link
In Life's great chain, that therefore 'tis no link.
We once were there. Progression's mighty march
Hath brought us where we are; and far above
Are others—others who look down on us
As we on that which we call "lifeless."
They once were where we stand, we once where those
Who dwell in lower, vastly lower, forms.

And thus creation's chain—all life—all hope;
It stretches on and on, and ever will,
From low to high, *from* high to higher grades.
And as we muse on it, our finite thought
Grows giddy in its height, and depth, and breadth,
And fain would rest; but yet it onward soars
On rapid wing to scan its Maker's works;
While as the truth is opened to its view,
It gently whispers to the longing soul:
"God lives, and we do live; God loves, we love;
He made, preserves, he guides, he guards us all—
God in us, and we in God—eternal."

CHELSEA, MASS.

MYSTERIOUS SPIRITUAL VISITATIONS.

MAMARONECK, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

MR. BRITTAN:

Sir—I do not know whether you have ever met with an old French work containing an account of the uncommon noises which followed a young French lady by the name of Mademoiselle de Clairon; and being interested in the spiritual manifestations of the present day, I have translated a portion of a letter written to M. H. Meister by Mademoiselle herself, describing the sounds heard near her person. The letter is dated from Paris, 12th of Jan., 1797.

In the year 1743 I attracted the notice of M. de S——, a merchant in Brittany. Our acquaintance continued two years and a half from the commencement to the time of his death. In his last moments he had entreated me to see him once more, but I was persuaded to deny the request. He died, and had nobody with him but an old lady and the servants. He lived in the Boulevards. I was accustomed to give suppers to my friends and some actors. One evening, just as I had finished a song and my guests were expressing rapturous applause, the clock striking eleven, at the same moment we heard the most doleful cry continued for a length of time, and with so mournful an emphasis that the guests were astonished and I fainted. In short, the like noise was heard at the same hour for several nights, seeming to proceed from the air. It was heard by the neighbors and the officers of police. When I was from home my family heard nothing of it. One evening I supped with De R——; he took leave of me at my door just at that moment we heard the same noise. Another time Rosely went with me to purchase an article and to pay a visit. He had little faith, and on the way he requested me to call upon my apparition. I did as he desired, and the cry was repeated three times in a frightful manner. We returned home more dead than alive. After this alarm I was not disturbed for several months by the noise. On the marriage of the Dauphin I remained at Versailles for three days. I retired to my room, and Madame Grandvale slept in the same bed. Just as I prepared to enter the bed I happened to say, "We are now far from the busy world and such bad weather, surely the noise will not follow me here." As I said this we heard it again. We did not sleep that night. I never heard the same afterward. A week after I was sitting with my friends at the hour of eleven; we heard the report of a musket fired against one of the panes of glass. We all heard it, saw the flash, yet not a pane of glass was injured. A watch was placed about my house. Notwithstanding this precaution the same report was heard, and we could not discover whence it came (all this is recorded in the registers of the police). One night the keeper of the privy purse and I were looking out of the window; at that moment the report came and drove us nearly dead in the middle of the room. Once again I heard it when passing the Boulevards. But the same noise was never heard more: another like the clapping of hands succeeded it. This was repeated, and appeared to be regulated according to time or measure. As the indulgence of the public had accustomed me to hear sounds of that sort very frequently, I was inattentive to these sounds until my friends remarked to me that it was repeated at the hour of eleven. "We hear it very distinctly, yet we see nothing." Some time afterward I heard certain melodious sounds. It seemed as if a fine voice was humming over an air. The sounds seemed to begin at some little distance from me; they were followed, distinctly heard, yet nothing was ever discovered that could occasion them. At the end of two years and a half nothing was heard extraordinary. One day I was informed that an elderly lady wished to see me. "You are to know," said she when I waited upon her, "that I was the most intimate friend of M. de S——, and the only one he permitted visits from during the last year of his life. We have passed whole days together talking solely of you, one time speaking of you as a divinity, another denouncing you to be a fury. I conjured him to think of you no more, he declaring that his love should accompany him beyond the grave. May I ask you, Mademoiselle, why you refused one who so loved you, and why you did not give him the consolation of seeing you once more?" "The heart is not to be controlled," replied I; "he was a deserving man; I had a partiality for him; but his principles were not consistent with propriety or justice; I therefore broke off all connection with him. The reason why I did not visit him in his last hours was because the sight would have overpowered my feelings. You have now, Madame, heard my motives for my conduct, and I flatter myself that I am not altogether so blameworthy." "I am far from blaming it," rejoined the old lady; "I should be unjust if I did; we owe no sacrifice of ourselves but to our vows, to our parents, or benefactors. The disposition of M. De S—— was overbearing, and his love tyrannized over him; he was not master of himself, and your last refusal to see him certainly hastened his end. When the servant returned with your message (it was near eleven o'clock, for he had counted every minute after he had sent to your house), and told him that you positively determined never to see him more, he was silent for a moment, when he pronounced these words in agony: 'Oh, the cruel woman! She shall suffer for this refusal—I will haunt her as long after death as I have followed her while living.' He immediately expired; the clock just then struck eleven." I need not tell you, my friend, how I felt when I heard these words; the correspondence betwixt them and the noises rushed upon my mind and filled me with terror and astonishment; the length of our acquaintance was two years and a half; the noises continued for the same length of time after his death. I know not the nature of the chance, but this I can venture to believe: that what is so termed has the greatest influence over all that is passing in this world.

(Mademoiselle de Clarion died in Jan., 1803, aged eighty-three.)

MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

The preceding narrative of spiritual phenomena is fraught with a curious interest and a peculiar significance, and we shall be pleased to receive other similar favors from the same source.—ED.

MANIFESTATIONS IN NORWICH.

NORWICH, CONN., April 4, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER BRITTAN:

At a spiritual session at my house on Sunday evening, 11th March, D. D. HUME, medium, some pleasing demonstrations of Spirit-presence and power were given us which the world may as well know. The Spirit of a very dear friend of the family who passed on some few weeks since, firm in the belief of Spirit-communion, came to assure us of his happiness; and, to make us fully sensible of his real presence and power, he instituted a variety of movements, of which I will give a hasty outline.

After spelling by the alphabet several eminently characteristic messages and remarks, he, with some Spirit-companions, commenced the physical demonstrations. The table, around which the family were seated, was suddenly raised from the floor and floated for an instant like a feather in the air some eighteen inches from the floor. Heavy blows, as with a mallet, were being given in various places around the room, and on and under the table, all at the same time. These were repeated at short intervals, and at times with great violence, till the close of the session, which lasted three hours and a quarter. Each one of us then received the firm grasp of an invisible hand in our hands, accompanied, in my case, with a severe grip of the finger ends, each separately, and finished by a fraternal and familiar pat upon the back of the hand. My daughter's wrist was seized by a *visible* hand, while her undersleeve was forcibly pulled off. She repeatedly saw the hand while it patted her upon the knee and took her hand. I also saw it, and all who sat on that side of the table. Also my wife, who was upon the opposite side, several times saw it plainly. My ring was taken from my finger, and it required force and skill to do it—carried and placed upon my wife's finger—taken from her's and placed upon the medium's—while his ring was in the same instant brought and placed on my finger. My daughter's undersleeve was rolled up into a ball and passed repeatedly over the face and neck of her mother at the other end of the table, then placed in her open hand. Handkerchiefs were taken from their owners' laps, knotted up in balls and thrown across the table, striking with some force. My pencil was taken from me, carried to each one around the table and placed in the hand, then returned to where I sat, and planted upright in the air by my side, where it remained until I took it away. My daughter saw distinctly the hand that held it up, though I could not. The invisible hand was warm and moist to the touch, as *human* and life-like as hand could be, and returned our grasp and pressure with the same fervor and friendly ardor that was characteristic of our friend while in the body. A chair was brought from the far side of the room, raised *over* our heads, and placed on the table. It commenced rocking back and forth, while poised upon the hind legs, in spite of my attempt to hold it. It continued thus some minutes, while a hand to the wrist was distinctly visible upon the back of the chair. The chair was then raised carefully, and slowly settled down upon my wife's shoulder, where it stood for an instant on one leg, then transferred to the head of the medium. Instantly a heavy weight seemed placed in the chair, and the medium was crushed down by it. The chair was then carried to its place upon the floor, and all the unoccupied chairs placed in a circle, apparently to conform to our circle. The sofa was carried violently out from the side of the room against the table. My wife and the chair in which she sat were carried in a twinkling from one end of the table to the other. Her comb was taken out and hair disarranged. A voice we all heard distinctly for a moment attempting to address us, though we could not make out all the words clearly. The session closed at a little past midnight, owing, as was said, to the exhaustion of the spiritual atmosphere.

Now, friend Brittan, these are by no means the strangest things we have from time to time witnessed at my house and elsewhere. Others, I dare say—many others—could give an experience more interesting and startling, but as there seems to me to exist a hesitation on the part of Spiritualists generally to relate the facts of their experience, and as I know the good which may result from a dissemination of them, I have here given a hasty sketch of the doings of one evening, trusting it may induce others to do likewise.

The foolish *Tribune* continues, I see, to attempt poor witticisms on the subject of Spiritualism, and I am pleased. A large portion of its quarter million readers are not yet ready for any thing higher than "*ghostism*," and we certainly can afford to let them enjoy it, I think. It is not well to "crowd the mourners." Yours in love,

S. D. BULKELEY.

PHYSICAL BODIES TRANSPORTED.

WILBRAHAM, MASS., 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have the pleasure of forwarding to you the account of a few more wonderful spiritual manifestations, which I believe prove the presence of an invisible power and intelligence beyond a reasonable doubt. They occurred at the house of Ephraim Wetmore, Newton, Conn., where I was directed to go by the Spirit. I am well known as a clairvoyant, speaking, and test medium, and for the last three years I have followed as nearly as possible the directions and instructions of God and his ministering Spirits. Without further remarks I will give you the facts as they occurred, in as condensed a form as possible.

While I was at Br. Wetmore's house many came in to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. I was entranced, and the Spirit addressed Br. Wetmore, saying:

"I wish you to leave off chewing tobacco; it is very injurious to your health, and hinders us from approaching you. Please deny yourself and follow our instructions."

At the close of this brief communication, the Spirit requested that the cellar-door should be opened. Mrs. Wetmore opened the door, and instantly a paper of tobacco was seen floating in the atmosphere above our heads. It passed around the room two or three times, and then rested upon the top of a clock that stood in the corner of the room. Soon after this another paper was seen in like manner, passing around in the dining-room. Soon it came into the parlor and fell down by the sofa, where there were a number of persons sitting. Soon a third paper was seen passing around in the dining-room in like manner with the first one, and rested upon the clock. Br. Wetmore identified the tobacco as his, and said that he had six papers in the cellar on a shelf. He went down cellar and found that three papers were missing. The Spirits said that they had brought them up to convince him of their presence, and again they requested him to chew no more. He said he would not, and emptied his box.

As soon as this interesting scene had closed, another quite as interesting and remarkable occurred. Music was heard by all in the house, more or less, for five or ten minutes. It resembled that of an accordion, though no musical instrument was in or about the house, I believe.

The next day after the above manifestations took place, Br. Wetmore, myself, and another gentleman started for Sandy Hook, which was about two and a half miles. We had gone but a few rods before I became entranced, and said that there was something in the air which looked like a short bar of silver. It was soon discovered, however, to be a pair of candle molds which Br. Wetmore had put in his pocket when he started from home to carry to a friend of his at Sandy Hook. The Spirits said that they took them out of his pocket and would carry them to Sandy Hook for him. When we got there they were found on the top of a clock at a neighbor's house; I have forgotten their names.

There are many more facts which I might relate, but I am aware that this communication is sufficiently lengthy. I may forward them to you at some future time, if desirable. E. C. FAIRFIELD.

REV. R. P. AMBLER AND HIS LECTURES.

The following merited tribute to our esteemed friend, Rev. R. P. Ambler, was received at this office during the Editor's absence, and was accidentally mislaid. It has just come to light, but has lost none of its force or significance by the delay which attends its publication.

BRO. BRITTAN:

For some time past the citizens of St. Louis have been highly favored with a series of as brilliant lectures as ever fell from inspired lips. Rev. R. P. Ambler, who is known to many of your readers as a highly unfolded medium, and as of the ablest and most eloquent of living orators, has been lecturing in this city to large and intelligent and deeply interested audiences. A few weeks since he finished a series of twelve lectures at Wyman's Hall on the "*Principles of Nature*," comprising the following subjects, viz.:

I. The Infinite Unfolding as applied to Being, Progress, and Truth.
II. The Real and the Unreal, or the Substance and the Shadow.
III. The Progressive Scale of Nature.
IV. The Spiritual Idea—its Basis, Development, and Mission.
V. Relationship of Mind with Mind, as illustrating the Influence of Spirits on the Human World.
VI. Spiritualism *versus* Materialism.
VII. The Question—What and Where is God?
VIII. Philosophy of the Divine Government.
IX. The Relation of Spirit and Matter.
X. The Origin and Individualization of the Human Spirit.
XI. The Use and Destiny of Worlds.
XII. The Material as an Index to the Spiritual.

At the close of the last lecture, which completed his labors in our city for the present, P. E. Bland, Esq. took the stand, and after making some appropriate remarks, offered the following Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the large assembly present:

Whereas, We learn with deep regret the contemplated departure for the South of our highly esteemed brother, R. P. Ambler, to whose very able and eloquent discourses it has been our privilege to listen during the past six months, therefore

Resolved, That in parting with Brother Ambler, we can not do so without expressing our high appreciation of his superior qualifications as a lecturer and teacher of the Harmonial Philosophy—that in his inspired discourses we recognize a soundness of doctrine and clearness and depth of thought and beauty of diction which justly rank him among the most gifted speakers of the times.

Resolved, That as a gentleman of unsullied reputation, eloquence, and talent, we cordially recommend him to the confidence of the community in which he may sojourn.

Brother Ambler started for New Orleans a few weeks ago, and by letters we learn that he reached there in safety and received a most cordial greeting by the friends, who immediately procured a fine church—the Christian Chapel—for him to speak in. He is now engaged delivering a course of lectures to large and interested audiences.

Yours fraternally, HENRY STAGG.

ST. LOUIS, March 14, 1855.

INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANCE.

MR. EDITOR:

Some things have occurred since I wrote to you commending Mrs. Platt's clairvoyance which seem to require a few words of explanation as to what I mean by "independent clairvoyance," and what is necessary to secure the advantages of it. I find there are some who think that I mean that they can go to Mrs. Platt or another with some close test questions and be sure that the clairvoyant will see all the truth that pertains to the subject, even though they rather prefer that she should fail, or at least have no higher wish for her success than flows from the most ephemeral curiosity, and do not afford the conditions necessary for clairvoyance. Such persons go to a clairvoyant intending to make the case as difficult as possible and expect her to root out the most inveterate prejudice in a single sitting.

Now I have no sympathy at all with this class of minds, and I do not consider it much of a misfortune if such are disappointed. But what I mean is, that if one who has a friend suffering a serious physical malady will go to Mrs. Platt with the same degree of candor and hope that they would consult an eminent physician, they will have a prompt and wonderful elucidation of the disease and valuable aid given to secure a recovery.

Or if one longs for a better knowledge of spiritual relations, and earnestly desires to understand the fact or the mode of spiritual communication, he will find reliable aid in Mrs. Platt.

Clairvoyance is the legitimate use of some of the highest spiritual faculties. Like all the powers of the human soul, the most unworthy and doubting may have some advantage of it. But none can know the full power of the clairvoyant or the value of this faculty until they have so far investigated as to address a clairvoyant with the same candor they would a physician. A good clairvoyant will be *a fact*, unless there is some obstacle. But if one requires her to spend *her* best powers in hunting up the house in which the patient resides, in examining organs not affected, or in ascertaining whether the patient has blue eyes or gray, or questions equally unimportant, he can not secure the best aid possible from this faculty.

I can not close without saying that those who rely on a clairvoyant to prescribe for disease must remember that in examining for disease they look at facts, and if clairvoyant (clear seeing) they can tell the condition of organs, but the PRESCRIPTION for disease is a *matter of judgment*, and not the explanation of a fact, and is of course more difficult than to find the disease, and the matter should be continually followed up just as if in the case of a physician.

I make these explanations from a sincere desire to aid in having this faculty more fully available for the necessities of the human family. If clairvoyants will secure proper magnetizers—freedom from domestic cares, and from all other obstacles, they will be able to afford aid and comfort to such as are willing to put them in possession of such facts as they *know*, in order that they may secure most aid in ascertaining facts obscure and unintelligible. And I know of no one better able to afford that aid than the person named.

O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D., 178 12th-st.

REV. U. CLARK IN MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON, WESTCHESTER, CO., N. Y.,
April 20, 1855.

MR. EDITOR:

Our town for the last week has been tremendously agitated in regard to the doctrines of Spiritualism. The subject was introduced on Monday evening at a discussion in the Methodist church. A warm excitement was created. The Rev. Uriah Clark, of New York, by request, being present, the rules of the Lyceum were suspended, and Mr. Clark was solicited to address the audience, whereupon he came forward and occupied a few moments in a remarkable strain of eloquence, every sentence and every word taking hold of all the internal feelings of the audience, and calling forth such an interest that Mr. Clark was induced to give notice that he would offer a course of lectures at Journeaux's Hall, commencing on Wednesday evening.

After Mr. Clark had spoken, an invitation was extended to the Rev. Mr. Coffy, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Eastchester, who arose and made a vigorous assault on Mr. Clark, and from pure sympathy for his brothers and sisters, warned *all* to beware, and not be led away by the gentleman's eloquence; at the same time entreating them not to regard any notice that might be given out. But his appeal availed nothing. Mr. Clark had broken the soil, and Wednesday evening brought a crowd of people to the hall. Mr. C. was accompanied by Mr. Joseph F. Coles, the prophetic, speaking, and writing medium of Williamsburg, who gave some graphic recitations of the dramatic poetry Spirits had written through his agency. The same interest was manifested on this as on Monday evening.

This was the first public lecture that has been given in our village. The people had never before heard the subject demonstrated and laid out in such a strikingly beautiful manner. At the Thursday evening lecture a class was formed for the purpose of investigating and inducing spiritual phenomena, under the instruction of Mr. Clark.

Thus, in addition to the unusual enterprise and interest exhibited among the inhabitants of Mount Vernon, this glorious doctrine is beginning to be unfolded, and new light and beauty shine around and in us. We have in our midst many inquiring minds among those who occupy the first social and official positions—those who dare think and act for themselves, without consulting popular opinion or being bound by creeds, sects, or priesthoods. J. F. W.

Original Communications.

DEATH OF POOR MAGGIE.

"One penny for Maggie," a faint voice sobbed,
And the echoes alone replied,
While a perfumed priest, with a look of pride,
Passed by on the other side
"One penny for Maggie," and on her cheek
There glistened a frozen tear,
For the night was dark, and the winds blew cold,
And no earthly friend was near

"One penny for Maggie," she sobbed, and sank
Where a church its shadow cast,
While the chimes a merry peal rang out
And the crowd went hurrying past,
For one from a distant land had come
To ask for Christian aid—
And the death-chill crept o'er her sobbing form
While for heathen souls they prayed

"One penny for Maggie," again she sobbed,
And the rough winds laughed aloud,
For, while whistling around the colored panes,
They had peeped at the list'ning crowd;
And their eyes were moist at the moving tale
The devoted man had told,
And jeweled arms at his call were bared
While Maggie perished with cold.

"One penny for Maggie," she gasped, and died
Where the church its shadow cast;
Then a closing prayer from the desk was heard,
And the crowd went hurrying past;
Of the bloody car of death they spoke,
While they passed poor Maggie by,
And brushed, as they thought of the Ganges' tide,
A tear from each moistened eye

FRANK

THE INVOCATION.

BY VIOLA ODORATA

Come to me, Beloved, when the day is slow declining,
Come and teach the soul to spread its folded wing—
To rise and trace the pathway while angel-hands are guiding,
To join the seraph band and with the joyous sing

Come to me, Beloved, and by thy angel teaching
Win the trembling earth-worm to flowers that bloom above,
While of the world forgetful we'll speed to heavenly bowers,
Where live the blessed ever in a paradise of love

Come to me, Beloved; my spirit inly pineth
For thy dear presence to lull my heart to rest;
Come as of yore, now while the day declineth,
And calm the weary flutterer within this wounded breast

Come to me, Beloved; I'm feeble, worn, and weary,
The sick heart is longing for thy cheerful smile once more;
Come, and with thy presence bless the broken-hearted—
Cast a ray of sunshine on Time's receding shore

Come to me, Beloved, in slumber's fitful dreaming—
In all the living beauty of Spirit-angels bright—
Let me but dwell in the glory of thy beaming;
Come to me, Beloved, in slumbers of the night

Come to me, Beloved, when I cross the gloomy river—
When the billows wildly dash and terrors daunt the soul—
Whisper ere I sink, "Our meeting is forever,"
Come to me, Beloved, when billows wildly roll

Be the first, Beloved, to greet me when I enter
The portal of bliss, where grief is never known;
Bring, too, our Buds, and we'll praise the great Creator,
Who in taking still hath blessed us in giving back our own

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

In my former communication I, in substance, said, the theory indorsed by Spiritualism as to the origin of earth and man, if carried out fully, would indicate that immortality is an *element in* man's nature attained or consequent on a progressive development, and not a part of his nature from the beginning. By immortality, I mean that "spark of life, of light, of fire" which we term the interior soul—the emanation from the Great First Cause—by and through which is our spiritual body or organization sustained and preserved against all counter attraction and our identity as an intelligent individuality eternally assured. It will be noted, therefore, that a distinction is made between the soul and the mind, and I may here state that I regard the mentality or mind as a clothing in which the soul resides. Geology and spiritual teachings alike represent that in the early age of this planet the surface was barren of organized life—that in the progress of time the inherent elements and powers of the mineral kingdom unfolded unto and introduced the birth of the vegetable kingdom. That this higher development was steadily progressive in unfolding inherent elements and powers until it attained to and gave birth to the animal kingdom. This also, in the progress of time, stimulated by the same progressive law in its inherent elements and powers, attained to and introduced the human kingdom, each and all these unfoldings being induced by a law of motion acting on chaotic matter in which were all the forms, principles, etc., thus brought out. In the foregoing premises and deductions it will be remembered that after an organized or vegetable life was unfolded, each kingdom sustained its continued existence under the law of reproduction, and served as a basis for the support of higher developments—while the logic of the hypothesis is, that it was by the aggregate powers of a kingdom that a higher one was born or introduced. To state this more plainly—that the vegetable kingdom, as a whole, gave birth to the animal, the animal kingdom to the human. As experience does not teach the repetition of such births on this earth, it seems to be a necessity to infer in the argument, that when the lower kingdom did thus introduce the higher, that lower kingdom had attained to its ultimate, and having thus attained became subject to and a support of that higher. If this reasoning is correct, the question arises, what is the ultimate of matter? In what kingdom in the universe does matter attain to and obtain its highest individualized form? and it seems to me the answer is—that kingdom where the law of reproduction ceases—the human kingdom. But there is a higher kingdom than the human—a kingdom where the laws of reproduction do not exist, whose inhabitants are supplied from the human kingdom, the Spirit-kingdom; and it is the peculiar feature of that life—that the individual form or entity is eternally maintained against all laws of attraction or decay acting on matter, while its inhabitants all germinate as organized intelligent individualities in a lower or human kingdom. This brings me to the point—what does Spiritualism teach as to the ultimate of matter, its end and purpose as sought for from the beginning? of which, with your permission, in my next. K.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6, 1855.

FROM THE CITY OF ELMS.

NEW HAVEN, *April* 12, 1855

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

To make use of orthodox nomenclature, this is a "hard place," a "barren region," as to spiritual unfoldments and acceptations. You might travel from its "Dan to its Beersheba," that is, from its East and West Rocks (adjacent hills, well known) on the north and west, to the sleepy little village of East Haven in the east, and you would meet with nothing but the desert sands of antiquated orthodoxy; though here and there, happily, you would find an oasis in all these spiritual wastes, symbolized in the individuality of some free man or woman. "The City of Elms" is not without its salt—so it may safely said to be saved. Churches there are here—if Spiritualism consisted in that—beautiful, spacious, numerous, with the accompanying accessories. Steeples and spires strike the uplifted eye on either hand; and learned men and doctors of divinity are not in numbers few. How far these same steeples subserve the purpose to which they seem adapted, in a different region, to the reverent and poetic mind of Burke, namely, to draw down from heaven blessings and protection, is quite a serious question. For if that really is the use for which they are built, it would seem to argue that the services in the *interior* were of themselves insufficient for the aforesaid purpose. We will not for a moment suppose that the sky-piercing piles are high upreared simply that the church-going brethren might happify themselves by the sight thereof.

New Haven is an intellectual city. Ample intelligence breeds true humility or strongest positiveness. So the bright form of Spiritualism which comes to woo men to a most holy union, meets here with stern, lowering fronts. Yet the beautiful ever asserts its supremacy; imbued with divine vitality, it survives the crush of the iron heel, or rises, like cork, upon the bosom of the waters threatening its submergement. In spite of bitter opposition the spirit of inquiry will not flee. Like the wind, it penetrates into obscure places and searches to the privacies of hermetic retirement. Like the life elements with which the air is impregnated, it is present ever to vitalize the souls of men. Outward action is not always a true exponent of deep inward states. Activities lying near and upon the surface frequently build up a wall to debar the going forth of elemental powers. On the outside they stand as obstructions before the door of the soul, wherefore it not unfrequently happens that men, obsessed by the spirit of external things, fight against the reception of immortal truths and principles, seeking to find companionship with the inner man, even while the interior powers shake the walls of being in the struggle for mastery. *Now*, the thick crusts of materiality are everywhere thinning before the continual refining action of spiritual forces. Here and there the spirit boldly steps forth to demand a recognition of its claims. Once free, ever free; and there is a new governor, and other enactments.

I am told that the TELEGRAPH is here snatched up "like hot cakes." This indicates something, assuredly. If fear prevents avowal, it does not absorb desire or appease hunger. We judge of men's states by their desires—their moral appetites; and from individual conditions generalize the communal character. Old YALE may present her spreading and venerable walls; professors may frown and divines may reject and denounce, yet the attractions of truth are stronger than the magnetisms of custom, or tradition, or the seemingly fixed and settled character of time-honored institutions. Governments may enact stringent sumptuary laws or regulate the cut of coats and breeches, but they can not restrain inward aspirings. They may prevent the outward manifestation, and *so* create an inward fever that shall consume them. Happily our institutions are plastic, they yield to the pressure of popular decision, or adapt themselves to the form and shape of the social body. Whatever is hard and unyielding to the molding influence of Spiritualism must be broken up. We are yet in the iron age, though on the transition line. Fierce prejudices yet lord it over us. Spiritualism comes with alchemistic powers to transmute us to golden states—to throw upon the sharp and acid elements of social lives the divine balm of love—to build up by the constructive genius of divine wisdom beauteous structures, edifices not raised by hands material.

It is *here*, I believe, as elsewhere, everywhere. Circles are held and manifestations are had, but they do not strike the public eye. This at least may be safely said: interest in Spiritualism is being generated. Interest is the bud of moral attraction. Spiritualism, with all its uncertainties (who doth not see the important uses these subserve?) has a prodigious cohesive power—it clings to the soul with which it hath made acquaintance, and will not depart till it hath made it its own.

Proportionate to its size, New Haven, however, is behind the times. There are some mediums developed and others are unfolding. The want lies there; and that want will be supplied as soon as the basis for production is furnished. Let the bitterness of opposition be assuaged and mediumship will bloom. Fear is an agent of moral paralysis. The tender chords of Spirit-being shrink from being touched by the hard hands of materialities. The clouds and winds and storms brooded therein, nipped in the birth the sweetest flowers. How can the fruits be born ere the blossom hath had its full day?

On last Sunday there was a spiritual gathering in the "Temple," morning and afternoon; and addresses were made by the invisible intelligences. Previously, some two or three weeks ago, assemblages were held to the number of one hundred; but from unpropitious causes these dwindled away. Probably the friends will meet again on Sunday next. On the afternoon of last Sunday I should judge the audience numbered nearly two hundred.

The opposition have been engaged of late in the very noble work of "hunting" a female medium. There are some brave hearts here that can not be daunted. They need pecuniary aid to go on; from the heavens they get strength to stand firm in their positions.

I became acquainted with Mr. Chauncey Barnes, of the neighboring village of Fair Haven, evidences of whose mediatorial powers have been recorded in the TELEGRAPH. Mr. B. is an indefatigable co-worker with the Spirits; an independent man, and not in the least afraid of Mother Grundy, though she has a snug home in his village. Some remarkable things transpire from time to time through his mediumship, a condensed account of some of which, as told me, I send you.

Being of late in the town of Wallingsford, Mr. B and others formed a circle. While sitting, awaiting manifestations, a twenty-five cent piece was dropped, as it were, from the ceiling, and fell on the hands of one of the members of the circle. Its descent was witnessed by several. Then another twenty-five cent piece, emitting a shining light, was seen to *fly* around the room, just as a bird would, from corner to corner. An attempt was made to catch the piece of money, but it was unsuccessful. Finally, after being seen by all present, it was taken by the invisible power out of the opened door and deposited in places unknown. One of the circle was a clergyman of the Second Advent Church. After the above manifestions had been made, he stated that on a certain occasion he himself had taken from his hand by unseen agency a six cent piece, and was impressed at the time for what use it was appropriated—to buy a loaf of bread for a poor widow. The question was here asked if this impression was correct, and a response was made in the affirmative. On another occasion the same gentleman had a ten cent piece deposited in his pocket by, as he believed, spiritual agency. These experiences he had lately announced publicly to some of his congregation.

In the latter part of last month Mr. B. paid a visit to Warren, Mass., where has been organized a circle somewhat similar to the "Miracle Circle." The attendant Spirits do not as yet permit a divulgement of facts that may transpire therein. While there a circle was formed, and a communication given, that a number of articles would be brought in and dropped upon the table. Shortly five or six cigars and a large quantity of pumpkin seeds fell upon the table. There was a light in the room at the time, so that the spiritual agency was unquestioned. Then a piece of a spinning wheel came next. This was afterward found to have been taken from a house three miles distant—transported by invisible hands. Pennies, also, were dropped as from the ceiling in their midst, and pieces of silver were seen flying about the room, two of which were caught. It did not appear that the coin belonged to any one present.

Even to the interiorly unfolded and impressional mind facts of this and analogous character are always interesting. "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

OBSERVER

FALSE IDEA OF STRENGTH.—Some nations estimate their strength by the size of the Army and Navy. They call the roll, and count the muskets, weigh the round and chain shot, and the Secretary of War writes down the result, and reports the measure of power possessed by the nation. The people read it, and sleep soundly because they are strong, and there is no danger. S. B. B.

LIFE—IMMORTALITY.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

We can not die; we can not from the scroll
Of God's eternity blot out the names
Of those who live and are recorded there
Life were not life if it could pass away
Did'st ever think of this. The very word
Bears on its wing the impress of its God,
Declaring 'tis immortal! For death to it
Would be annihilation; what is that
But driving from existence that which is?
Can that be done? Say whereto would'st thou drive it?
Knowest thou some place where God hath never been—
Some spot, so paradoxical its state,
That while it is, it is not?

Such indeed
There is, if any particle that now exists
Can e'er be exiled from creation's grasp—
Can cease to be. Such were impossible
These souls must *ever be*, because *they are*

Yes, it is even so—there is no death;
But life, eternal life, in myriad grades
As far below us as they are above,
And both extremes as measureless in extent
As vast eternity's unending course
Life is in all things; 'tis the *soul* thereof—
The binding element of particles
Lo, all that is hath life, and therefore soul,
Else it could never be. "Life" is existence
The very truth that all *exist*, is proof
That all things have immortal germs within

There's nothing that is "dead," though true, perchance
Our finite vision can not see the "life"
That dwells in what we term "inanimate"
Yet it is there as truly as in us,
And will in time unfold in higher form
Think not because it is a lower link
In Life's great chain, that therefore 'tis no link.
We once were there. Progression's mighty march
Hath brought us where we are; and far above
Are others—others who look down on us
As we on that which we call "lifeless."
They once were where we stand, we once where those
Who dwell in lower, vastly lower, forms

And thus creation's chain—all life—all hope,
It stretches on and on, and ever will,
From low to high, from high to higher grades
And as we muse on it, our finite thought
Grows giddy in its height, and depth, and breadth,
And fain would rest; but yet it onward soars
On rapid wing to scan its Maker's works,
While as the truth is opened to its view,
It gently whispers to the longing soul:
"God lives, and we do live; God loves, we love;
He made, preserves, he guides, he guards us all—
God in us, and we in God—eternal"

CHELSEA, MASS.

MYSTERIOUS SPIRITUAL VISITATIONS.

MAMARONECK, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y

MR. BRITTAN:

Sir—I do not know whether you have ever met with an old French work containing an account of the uncommon noises which followed a young French lady by the name of Mademoiselle de Clairon, and being interested in the spiritual manifestations of the present day, I have translated a portion of a letter written to M. H. Meister by Mademoiselle herself, describing the sounds heard near her person. The letter is dated from Paris, 12th of Jan., 1787.

In the year 1743 I attracted the notice of M. de S——, a merchant in Brittany. Our acquaintance continued two years and a half from the commencement to the time of his death. In his last moments he had entreated me to see him once more, but I was persuaded to deny the request. He died, and had nobody with him but an old lady and the servants. He lived in the Boulevards. I was accustomed to give suppers to my friends and some actors. One evening, just as I had finished a song and my guests were expressing rapturous applause, the clock striking eleven, at the same moment we heard the most doleful cry continued for a length of time, and with so mournful an emphasis that the guests were astonished and I fainted. In short, the like noise was heard at the same hour for several nights, seeming to proceed from the air. It was heard by the neighbors and the officers of police. When I was from home my family heard nothing of it. One evening I supped with De R——; he took leave of me at my door just at that moment we heard the same noise. Another time Rosely went with me to purchase an article and to pay a visit. He had little faith, and on the way he requested me to call upon my apparition. I did as he desired, and the cry was repeated three times in a frightful manner. We returned home more dead than alive. After this alarm I was not disturbed for several months by the noise. On the marriage of the Dauphin I remained at Versailles for three days. I retired to my room, and Madame Grandvale slept in the same bed. Just as I prepared to enter the bed I happened to say, "We are now far from the busy world and such bad weather, surely the noise will not follow me here." As I said this we heard it again. We did not sleep that night. I never heard the same afterward. A week after I was sitting with my friends at the hour of eleven; we heard the report of a musket fired against one of the panes of glass. We all heard it, saw the flash, yet not a pane of glass was injured. A watch was placed about my house. Notwithstanding this precaution the same report was heard, and we could not discover whence it came (all this is recorded in the registers of the police). One night the keeper of the privy purse and I were looking out of the window; at that moment the report came and drove us nearly dead in the middle of the room. Once again I heard it when passing the Boulevards. But the same noise was never heard more: another like the clapping of hands succeeded it. This was repeated, and appeared to be regulated according to time or measure. As the indulgence of the public had accustomed me to hear sounds of that sort very frequently, I was inattentive to these sounds until my friends remarked to me that it was repeated at the hour of eleven. "We hear it very distinctly, yet we see nothing." Some time afterward I heard certain melodious sounds. It seemed as if a fine voice was humming over an air. The sounds seemed to begin at some little distance from me; they were followed, distinctly heard, yet nothing was ever discovered that could occasion them. At the end of two years and a half nothing was heard extraordinary. One day I was informed that an elderly lady wished to see me. "You are to know," said she when I waited upon her, "that I was the most intimate friend of M. de S——, and the only one he permitted visits from during the last year of his life. We have passed whole days together talking solely of you, one time speaking of you as a divinity, another denouncing you to be a fury. I conjured him to think of you no more, he declaring that his love should accompany him beyond the grave. May I ask you, Mademoiselle, why you refused one who so loved you, and why you did not give him the consolation of seeing you once more?" "The heart is not to be controlled," replied I; "he was a deserving man; I had a partiality for him; but his principles were not consistent with propriety or justice; I therefore broke off all connection with him. The reason why I did not visit him in his last hours was because the sight would have overpowered my feelings. You have now, Madame, heard my motives for my conduct, and I flatter myself that I am not altogether so blameworthy." "I am far from blaming it," rejoined the old lady; "I should be unjust if I did; we owe no sacrifice of ourselves but to our vows, to our parents, or benefactors. The disposition of M. De S—— was overbearing, and his love tyrannized over him; he was not master of himself, and your last refusal to see him certainly hastened his end. When the servant returned with your message (it was near eleven o'clock, for he had counted every minute after he had sent to your house), and told him that you positively determined never to see him more, he was silent for a moment, when he pronounced these words in agony: 'Oh, the cruel woman! She shall suffer for this refusal—I will haunt her as long after death as I have followed her while living.' He immediately expired; the clock just then struck eleven." I need not tell you, my friend, how I felt when I heard these words; the correspondence betwixt them and the noises rushed upon my mind and filled me with terror and astonishment; the length of our acquaintance was two years and a half; the noises continued for the same length of time after his death. I know not the nature of the chance, but this I can venture to believe; that what is so termed has the greatest influence over all that is passing in this world.

[Mademoiselle de Clarion died in Jan., 1803, aged eighty-three.]

MRS. J. S. JACKSON.

The preceding narrative of spiritual phenomena is fraught with a curious interest and a peculiar significance, and we shall be pleased to receive other similar favors from the same source.—ED.

MANIFESTATIONS IN NORWICH.

NORWICH, CONN., *April* 4, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BRITTAN:

At a spiritual *session* at my house on Sunday evening, 11th March, D. D. HOME, medium, some pleasing demonstrations of Spirit-presence and power were given us which the world may as well know. The Spirit of a very dear friend of the family who passed on some few weeks since, firm in the belief of Spirit-communion, came to assure us of his happiness; and, to make us fully sensible of his real presence and power, he instituted a variety of movements, of which I will give a hasty outline.

After spelling by the alphabet several eminently characteristic messages and remarks, he, with *some* Spirit-companions, commenced the physical demonstrations. The table, around which the family were seated, was suddenly raised from the floor and floated for an instant like a feather in the air some eighteen inches from the floor. Heavy blows, as with a mallet, were being given in various places around the room, and on and under the table, all at the same time. These were repeated at short intervals, and at times with great violence, till the close of the session, which lasted three hours and a quarter. Each one of us then received the firm grasp of an invisible hand in our hands, accompanied, in my case, with a *severe grip* of the finger ends, *each* separately, and finished by a fraternal and familiar pat upon the back of the hand. My daughter's wrist was seized by a *visible* hand, while her undersleeve was forcibly pulled off. She repeatedly saw the hand while it patted her upon the knee and took her hand. I also saw it, and all who sat on that side of the table. Also my wife, who was upon the opposite side, several times saw it plainly. My ring was taken from my finger, and it required force and skill to do it—carried and placed upon my wife's finger—taken from her's and placed upon the medium's—while his ring was in the same instant brought and placed on my finger. My daughter's undersleeve was rolled up into a ball and passed repeatedly over the face and neck of her mother at the other end of the table, then placed in her open hand. Handkerchiefs were taken from their owners' laps, knotted up in balls and thrown across the table, striking with some force. My pencil was taken from me, carried to each one around the table and placed in the hand, then returned to where I sat, and planted upright in the air by my side, where it remained until I took it away. My daughter saw distinctly the hand that held it up, though I could not. The invisible hand was warm and moist to the touch, as *human* and life-like as hand could be, and returned our grasp and pressure with the same fervor and friendly ardor that was characteristic of our friend while in the body. A chair was brought from the far side of the room, raised over our heads, and placed on the table. It commenced rocking back and forth, while poised upon the hind legs, in spite of my attempt to hold it. It continued thus some minutes, while a hand to the wrist was distinctly visible upon the back of the chair. The chair was then raised carefully, and slowly settled down upon my wife's shoulder, where it stood for an instant on one leg, then transferred to the head of the medium. Instantly a heavy weight seemed placed in the chair, and the medium was crushed down by it. The chair was then carried to its place upon the floor, and all the unoccupied chairs placed in a circle, apparently to conform to our circle. The sofa was carried violently out from the side of the room against the table. My wife and the chair in which she sat were carried in a twinkling from one end of the table to the other. Her comb was taken out and hair disarranged. A voice we all heard distinctly for a moment attempting to address us, though we could not make out all the words clearly. The session closed at a little past midnight, owing, as was said, to the exhaustion of the spiritual atmosphere.

Now, friend Brittan, these are by no means the strangest things we have from time to time witnessed at my house and elsewhere. Others, I dare say—many others—could give an experience more interesting and startling, but as there seems to me to exist a hesitation on the part of Spiritualists generally to relate the facts of their experience, and as I know the good which may result from a dissemination of them, I have here given a hasty sketch of the doings of one evening, trusting it may induce others to do likewise.

The foolish *Tribune* continues, I see, to attempt poor witticisms on the subject of Spiritualism, and I am pleased. A large portion of its quarter million readers are not yet ready for any thing higher than "*ghostism*," and we certainly can afford to let them enjoy it. I think It is not well to "crowd the mourners." Yours in love,

S. B. BULKELEY.

PHYSICAL BODIES TRANSPORTED.

WILBRAHAM, MASS., 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have the pleasure of forwarding to you the account of a few more wonderful spiritual manifestations, which I believe prove the presence of an invisible power and intelligence beyond a reasonable doubt. They occurred at the house of Ephraim Wetmore, Newton, Conn., where I was directed to go by the Spirit. I am well known as a clairvoyant, speaking, and test medium, and for the last three years I have followed as nearly as possible the directions and instructions of God and his ministering Spirits. Without further remarks I will give you the facts as they occurred, in as condensed a form as possible.

While I was at Br. Wetmore's house many came in to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. I was entranced, and the Spirit addressed Br. Wetmore, saying:

"I wish you to leave off chewing tobacco; it is very injurious to your health, and hinders us from approaching you. Please deny yourself and follow our instructions."

At the close of this brief communication, the Spirit requested that the cellar-door should be opened. Mrs. Wetmore opened the door, and instantly a paper of tobacco was seen floating in the atmosphere above our heads. It passed around the room two or three times, and then rested upon the top of a clock that stood in the corner of the room. Soon after this another paper was seen in like manner, passing around in the dining-room. Soon it came into the parlor and fell down by the sofa, where there were a number of persons sitting. Soon a third paper was seen passing around in the dining-room in like manner with the first one, and rested upon the clock. Br. Wetmore identified the tobacco as his, and said that he had six papers in the cellar on a shelf. He went down cellar and found that three papers were missing. The Spirits said that they had brought them up to convince him of their presence, and again they requested him to chew no more. He said he would not, and emptied his box.

As soon as this interesting scene had closed, another quite as interesting and remarkable occurred. Music was heard by all in the house, more or less, for five or ten minutes. It resembled that of an accordion, though no musical instrument was in or about the house, I believe.

The next day after the above manifestations took place, Br. Wetmore, myself, and another gentleman started for Sandy Hook, which was about two and a half miles. We had gone but a few rods before I became entranced, and said that there was something in the air which looked like a short bar of silver. It was soon discovered, however, to be a pair of candle molds which Br. Wetmore had put in his pocket when he started from home to carry to a friend of his at Sandy Hook. The Spirits said that they took them out of his pocket and would carry them to Sandy Hook for him. When we got there they were found on the top of a clock at a neighbor's house; I have forgotten their names.

There are many more facts which I might relate, but I am aware that this communication is sufficiently lengthy. I may forward them to you at some future time, if desirable. H. F. FAIRFIELD.

REV. R. P. AMBLER AND HIS LECTURES.

The following merited tribute to our esteemed friend, Rev. R. P. Ambler, was received at this office during the Editor's absence, and was accidentally mislaid. It has just come to light, but has lost none of its force or significance by the delay which attends its publication.

BRO. BRITTAN:

For some time past the citizens of St. Louis have been highly favored with a series of as brilliant lectures as ever fell from inspired lips. Rev. R. P. Ambler, who is known to many of your readers as a highly unfolded medium, and as of the ablest and most eloquent of living orators, has been lecturing in this city to large and intelligent and deeply interested audiences. A few weeks since he finished a course of twelve lectures at Wyman's Hall on the "*Principles of Nature*," comprising the following subjects, viz.:

I. The Infinite Unfolding as applied to Being, Progress, and Truth.
II. The Real and the Unreal, or the Substance and the Shadow.
III. The Progressive Scale of Nature.
IV. The Spiritual Idea—its Basis, Development, and Mission.
V. Relationship of Mind with Mind, as illustrating the Influence of Spirits on the Human World.
VI. Spiritualism *versus* Materialism.
VII. The Question—What and Where is God?
VIII. Philosophy of the Divine Government.
IX. The Relation of Spirit and Matter.
X. The Origin and Individualization of the Human Spirit.
XI. The Use and Destiny of Worlds.
XII. The Material as an Index to the Spiritual.

At the close of the last lecture, which completed his labors in our city for the present, P. E. Bland, Esq. took the stand, and after making some appropriate remarks, offered the following Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the large assembly present.

Whereas, We learn with deep regret the contemplated departure for the South of our highly esteemed brother, R. P. Ambler, to whose very able and eloquent discourses it has been our privilege to listen during the past six months, therefore

Resolved, That in parting with Brothe Ambler, we can not do so without expressing our high appreciation of his superior qualifications as a lecturer and teacher of the Harmonial Philosophy—that in his inspired discourses we recognize a soundness of doctrine and clearness and depth of thought and beauty of diction which justly rank him among the most gifted speakers of the times.

Resolved, That as a gentleman of unsullied reputation, eloquence, and talent, we cordially recommend him to the confidence of the community in which he may sojourn.

Brother Ambler started for New Orleans a few weeks ago, and by letters we learn that he reached there in safety and received a most cordial greeting by the friends, who immediately procured a fine church—the Christian Chapel—for him to speak in. He is now engaged delivering a course of lectures to large and interested audiences.

Yours fraternally, HENRY STAGG.

ST. LOUIS, *March* 14, 1855.

INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANCE.

MR. EDITOR:

Some things have occurred since I wrote to you commending Mrs. Platt's clairvoyance which seem to require a few words of explanation as to what I mean by "independent clairvoyance," and what is necessary to secure the advantages of it. I find there are some who think that I mean that they can go to Mrs. Platt or another with some close test questions and be sure that the clairvoyant will see all the truth that pertains to the subject, even though they rather prefer that she should fail, or at least have no higher wish for her success than flows from the most ephemeral curiosity, and do not afford the conditions necessary for clairvoyance. Such persons go to a clairvoyant intending to make the case as difficult as possible and expect her to root out the most inveterate prejudice in a single sitting.

Now I have no sympathy at all with this class of minds, and I do not consider it much of a misfortune if such are disappointed. But what I mean is, *that if one who has a friend suffering a serious physical malady will go to Mrs. Platt with the same degree of candor and hope* that they would consult an eminent physician, they will have a prompt and wonderful elucidation of the disease and valuable aid given to secure a recovery.

Or if one longs for a better knowledge of spiritual relations, and earnestly desires to understand the fact or the mode of spiritual communication, he will find reliable aid in Mrs. Platt.

Clairvoyance is the legitimate use of some of the highest spiritual faculties. Like all the powers of the human soul, the most unworthy and doubting may have some advantage of it. But none can know the full power of the clairvoyant or the value of this faculty until they have so far investigated as to address a clairvoyant with the same candor they would a physician. A good clairvoyant will be a *fact*, unless there is some obstacle. But if one requires her to spend *her* best powers in hunting up the house in which the patient resides, in examining organs not affected, or in ascertaining whether the patient has blue eyes or gray, or questions equally unimportant, he can not secure the best aid possible from this faculty.

I can not close without saying that those who rely on a clairvoyant to prescribe for disease must remember that in examining for disease they look at facts, and if clairvoyant (clear seeing) they can tell the condition of organs, but the PRESCRIPTION for disease is a *matter of judgment*, and not the explanation of a fact, and is of course more difficult than to find the disease, and the matter should be continually followed up just as if in the case of a physician.

I make these explanations from a sincere desire to aid in having this faculty more fully available for the necessities of the human family. If clairvoyants will secure proper magnetizers—freedom from domestic cares, and from all other obstacles, they will be able to afford aid and comfort to such as are willing to put them in possession of such facts as they *know*, in order that they may secure most aid in ascertaining facts obscure and unintelligible. And I know of no one better able to afford that aid than the person named.

O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D., 178 12th-st.

REV. U. CLARK IN MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON, WESTCHESTER, CO., N. Y.,
April 20, 1855.

MR. EDITOR:

Our town for the last week has been tremendously agitated in regard to the doctrines of Spiritualism. The subject was introduced on Monday evening at a discussion in the Methodist church. A warm excitement was created. The Rev. Uriah Clark, of New York, by request, being present, the rules of the Lyceum were suspended, and Mr. Clark was solicited to address the audience, whereupon he came forward and occupied a few moments in a remarkable strain of eloquence, every sentence and every word taking hold of all the internal feelings of the audience, and calling forth such an interest that Mr. Clark was induced to give notice that he would offer a course of lectures at Journeaux's Hall, commencing on Wednesday evening.

After Mr. Clark had spoken, an invitation was extended to the Rev. Mr. Coffy, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Eastchester, who arose and made a vigorous assault on Mr. Clark, and from pure sympathy for his brothers and sisters, warned *all* to beware, and not be led away by the gentleman's eloquence; at the same time entreating them not to regard any notice that might be given out. But his appeal availed nothing. Mr. Clark had broken the soil, and Wednesday evening brought a crowd of people to the hall. Mr. C. was accompanied by Mr. Joseph F. Coles, the prophetic, speaking, and writing medium of Williamsburg, who gave some graphic recitations of the dramatic poetry Spirits had written through his agency. The same interest was manifested on this as on Monday evening.

This was the first public lecture that has been given in our village. The people had never before heard the subject demonstrated and laid out in such a strikingly beautiful manner. At the Thursday evening lecture a class was formed for the purpose of investigating and inducing spiritual phenomena, under the instruction of Mr. Clark.

Thus, in addition to the unusual enterprise and interest exhibited among the inhabitants of Mount Vernon, this glorious doctrine is beginning to be unfolded, and new light and beauty shine around and in us. We have in our midst many inquiring minds among those who occupy the first social and official positions—those who dare think and act for themselves, without consulting popular opinion or being bound by creeds, sects, or priesthoods. T. E. W.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRACKS.

In the winter of 1851, and the following spring, much attention was excited by mysterious tracks in the snow. These tracks were of the size that would be made by a yearling colt, and were deep in the snow as though made by a heavy animal. Yet at the same time their appearance indicated that they were made by a winged animal. In some cases they were traced up to a high wall, and commenced again on the other side, although there was no aperture through which an animal large enough to make such a track could pass. In other cases the tracks appeared for a few rods and then disappeared, as though the animal had alighted, and after walking a little distance, had again taken wing. The tracks were from eight to ten inches apart in a single trail, as though made by a two-legged animal. In one case it was said that a circular mark was observed in the snow as though made by the wing of a great bird.

These tracks were first observed on the morning of Thanksgiving day, and were seen in many places distant from each other, and in various parts of the State. The descriptions all corresponded, and in some cases they were frozen in the sleet, and the impression was distinct and well preserved. It was said that similar appearances were found in Ohio.

The explanation generally received was, that these tracks were made by the snowy owl, a bird which belongs to a more northerly region, but which the extreme cold weather had driven south. This bird weighs from four to five pounds, a weight quite sufficient to make a deep impression in the snow. Its foot is covered with feathers which curve under it, and when it stands with its talons bent under, it would make an impression not unlike the print of a colt's hoof. Some observers have not accepted this theory, but we believe they have not offered any other. In the neighborhood of Apponaug some boys made similar tracks with stilts, and we remember that they brought to our office the stilts with the ends carved in the fashion of a hoof. This idle hoax explained the marks only in one vicinity, and was not probably thought of till after they had been seen in other places, and their origin made a subject of discussion.

The same appearances which excited so much wonder here in 1851 and 1852 have been observed this winter in England, and have caused greater superstitious dread than the "mysterious tracks" did on this side of the water. The following paragraph is from the London *Times* of February 16th:

"EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.—Considerable sensation has been caused in the towns of Topsham, Lympstone, Exmouth, Teignmouth, and Dawlish, in the south of Devon, in consequence of a discovery of a vast number of foot-tracks of a most strange and mysterious description. The superstitious go so far as to believe that they are the marks of Satan himself, and that great excitement has been produced among all classes may be judged of from the fact that the subject has been descanted on from the pulpit. It appears that on Thursday night last there was a heavy fall of snow in the neighborhood of Exeter and the south of Devon. On the following morning the inhabitants of the above towns were surprised at discovering the foot-marks of some strange and mysterious animal, endowed with the powers of ubiquity, as the foot-prints were to be seen in all kinds of unaccountable places—on the tops of houses and narrow walls, in gardens and court-yards, inclosed by high walls and palings, as well as in open fields. There was hardly a garden in Lympstone where these foot-prints were not observable. The track appeared more like that of a biped than a quadruped, and the steps were generally eight inches in advance of each other. The impression of the foot closely resembled that of a donkey's shoe, and measured from an inch and a half to (in some instances) two and a half inches across. Here and there it appeared as if cloven, but in the generality of the steps the shoe was continuous, and, from the snow in the center remaining entire, merely showing the outer crest of the foot, it must have been convex. The creature seems to have approached the doors of several houses and then to have retreated, but no one has been able to discover the standing or resting point of this mysterious visitor. On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Musgrave alluded to the subject in his sermon, and suggested the possibility of the foot-prints being those of a kangaroo; but this could scarcely have been the case, as they were found on both sides of the estuary of the Exe. At present it remains a mystery, and many superstitious people in the above towns are actually afraid to go outside their doors after night."

In the London *Illustrated News* of February 24th is an article stating the same facts, with engravings of the tracks. The writer says:

"This mysterious visitor generally passed only *once* down or across each garden or court-yard, and did so in nearly all the houses in many parts of the several towns above mentioned, as also in the farms scattered about; this regular track passing in some instances over the roofs of houses, and hayricks, and very high walls (one fourteen feet) without displacing the snow on either side or altering the distance between the feet, and passing on as if the wall had not been any impediment. The gardens with high fences or walls, and the gates locked, were equally visited as those open and unprotected. Now, when we consider the distance that must have been gone over to have left these marks—I may say in almost every garden, on door-steps, through the extensive woods of Luscombe, upon commons, in enclosures and farms—the actual progress must have exceeded a hundred miles. It is very easy for people to laugh at these appearances, and account for them in an idle way. At present no satisfactory solution has been given. No known animal could have traversed this extent of country in one night, besides having to cross an estuary of the sea two miles broad. Neither does any known animal walk in a *line* of single footsteps, not even man."

In the same paper of March 3d are several communications upon the subject, one of them illustrated with engravings. One of these communications mentions a rumor that two kangaroos had escaped from a menagerie, but this was not considered as offering a plausible explanation. The same correspondent says:

"A scientific acquaintance informed me of his having traced the same prints across a field up to a haystack. The surface of the stack was wholly free from marks of any kind, but on the opposite side of the stack, in a direction exactly corresponding with the track thus traced, the prints began again. The same fact has been ascertained in respect of a wall intervening.

"No animal with Cushing paw, such as the feline tribe—diminutive or large (cat or tiger)—exhibit, could have made these marks; for the feet of most quadrupeds tread in parallel lines, some widely divaricated, others approximating very closely. The ass, especially, among the animals daily seen, approaches the single line. The fox leaves round dots in a single line; the stoat two and one alternately. Moreover, the feline tribe leave concave prints; whereas, in each of these mystic prints, the space inclosed by the bounding line was convex, as in the print of the pattern.

"Early in the week we were informed that two cranes had been shot at Otterton, below Burleigh Salterton, and that these were the mystical printers; but the well informed in zoology at once rejected this offered explanation. Within the last four and twenty hours a very shrewd and intellectual neighbor of mine, about six miles distant, wrote me word that a gentleman in the parish adjoining his own had traced these peculiar prints through his garden walks into a six-inch gutter, and there he saw the marks of *claws*. This has induced some to suppose them to be the tracks of a catamountain. Two other gentleman, resident in the same parish, pursued a line of prints during three hours and a half, marking their progress under gooseberry bushes and espalier fruit trees, and then, missing them, regained sight of the impression on the roofs of some houses to which their march of investigation brought them. These gentlemen 'swear to claws.' Upon which my correspondent (a member of the Society of Antiquaries) observes, 'We incline to believe they must be otters driven out in quest of food. Our friend felt toe-marks at the contracted part of the print, though they were not discernible by the eye.'

"Some 'chiel amang' the congregation where I was discoursing three Sundays since had evidently been 'takin notes, and, faith, he prented them' (as Burns would say); and though, without incurring the charge of the slightest approach to irreverence, I found a very apt opportunity to mention the name of kangaroo, in allusion to the report then current, I certainly did not pin my faith to that version of the mystery, nor call upon others to receive it *ex cathedra*; but the state of the public mind of the villagers, the laborers, their wives and children, and old crones, and trembling old men, dreading to stir out after sunset, or to go out half a mile into lanes or by-ways, on a call or message, under the conviction that this was the Devil's walk and none other, and that it was wicked to trifle with such a manifest proof of the Great Enemy's immediate presence, rendered it very desirable that a turn should be given to such degrading and vitiated notion of a superintending Divine Providence; and I was thankful that a kangaroo was 'in the wind,' as we should say, and serving to disperse ideas so derogatory to a christianized, but assuredly most unenlightened community. I was reminded, nevertheless, by one pertinacious remnant, that it is written that Satan should be unchained for a thousand years, and that the latter days are at hand. Still mine was a word in due season, and did good.

"The generality of such of us as can reason dispassionately in view of a phenomenon which seems as yet to be without precedent or parallel, incline to believe it must be a bird of some unfamiliar tribe, wandering and hopping over this region; but all inquiry seems to be fruitless. I have addressed communications to the British Museum, to the Zoological Society, to the keepers of birds and beasts in the Regent's Park menagerie, and the universal reply is, they are utterly unable to form any conjecture on the subject, however correctly the impressions had been copied."

In the same paper is a communication from Professor Owen. He has seen the drawings of the footprints, and pronounces them those of the badger. He says:

"The badger sleeps a good deal in his winter retreat, but does not hibernate so regularly and completely as the bear does in the severer climate of Canada. The badger is nocturnal, and comes abroad occasionally in the late winter, when hard pressed by cold and hunger; it is a stealthy prowler, and most active and enduring in its quest of food.

"That one and the same animal could have gone over 100 miles of a most devious and irregular route in one night is as improbable as that one badger only should have been awake and hungry out of the number concealed in the 100 miles of the rocky and busky Devonshire, which has been startled by the impressions revealed by the rarely spread carpet of snow in that beautiful county.

"The onus of the proof that one creature made them in one night rests with the assertor, who ought to have gone over the same ground, with a power of acute and unbiased observation, which seems not to have been exercised by him who failed to distinguish the truly single from the blended footprints in question.

"Nothing seems more difficult to see a thing as it really is, unless it be the right interpretation of observed phenomena."—*Exchange.*

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